

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

July Magazine Number



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Winnipeg, Man.

July 1, 1925

Some Useful Oddments

Readers contribute their best ideas

A soiled clothes-line can be cleaned by wrapping it around the washboard and scrubbing with soapsuds and a scrub brush. Rinse well before drying. Miss L. S.

To remove dye stains from a pan fill the dish with skim-milk or milk and water, and the stains will disappear. —Mrs. F. J. S.

I save all my empty baking powder tins. Some I use for baking or steaming Boston brown bread, and in this shape it is easy to slice for sandwiches. By punching holes in the bottom of the sharp edged ones they can be used as a vegetable chopper. The holes allow the air to enter and keep the vegetables from stacking up inside while chopping. Other empty cans I use as cookie cutters and for storing cocoa and other groceries. —H. M. T.

The velvety tops of cat-tails or bulrushes make an excellent filling for cushions. I have also seen comforters and driving robes filled with them. —Mrs. W. L. D.

—I never could find the right knife or fork in my knife-box, so in desperation I made wall-pockets out of an empty cardboard cracker-box. By cutting along the folds or creases, I had the smooth top and bottom pieces and the sides as well. These I shaped into wall pockets not pressing the folds but making the front a little lower than the back. These pockets are nailed to the kitchen wall and the knives, forks and spoons slip in to the pockets, handles first. This scheme saves much time and exasperation. —M. N.

A quick way of mending china, such as a vase or other piece of ornamental china, so that it can be replaced right away in its appointed "niche," is to use insulating tape, sold in rolls by all garages. Cut a strip of suitable length, place the severed edges very carefully together and lay the length of tape over them. As it is self adhesive, it only needs well pressing down to make a firm mend. Do not use it for vessels that will hold food or drink. It is well to tie it together with tape till the mend is thoroughly dry and firm. —Mrs. B. G. T.

In an emergency I found out something about prunes. I had forgotten to soak them in the usual way and found suddenly near meal time that nothing in the line of fruit was available. In desperation I poked them into the food chopper, using the fine plate, and then dropped them into a hot, rich syrup of sugar and water. It saved my reputation that day. Apricots may be treated in the same way. —O. M. T.

An emergency hot water bottle can be made from an old inner tube. When called to a neighbor's house I found she had no hot bag so I took a length of the tube, folded over the end, and tied it with string so firmly that no water could escape. Then I poured in hot water, turned over the other end and tied it to prevent water escaping. Two of these used alternately are of great assistance in relieving pain. —Miss A. W.

My baby could not open the screen door because the handle was too high. To save myself steps I nailed an empty spoon on to the outside at the right height for her. She now toddles in and out as she wishes. —Mrs. D. P.

Dirty powder puffs are very bad for the skin, besides being slovenly looking. Get a bowl of warm water, put in some soap flakes, and stir briskly till there is a good suds. Dip in the puff part and rub the soap-suds into it with the fingers, not immersing the back if it is damageable. When clean, rinse in clear water and hang on the line, shaking it occasionally. —Mrs. B. G. T.



Why coax children to eat what's "good for them"?

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THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

July Magazine Number

GEORGE F CHIPMAN, Editor and Manager

Associate Editors: J. T. HULL, P. M. ABEL

Household Editors: AMY J. ROE, MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

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In these days one hears much concerning heredity and environment and there is ever keen debate as to which is most potent in directing man's course across the great uncharted sea that is known as life. Another factor, closely related to environment and formerly thought trivial, is now conceded to have profound influence upon human life and character.

Particularly in Western Canada are the vagaries of the weather responsible for the moulding of men's lives. For instance we know that in December last a bitter frost descended upon the prairies and spilled westward over the mountains into British Columbia. But we did not then foresee that this was to result in a lamentable shortage of strawberry shortcake during the present summer or that so many carefully nurtured golf greens would be "winter killed." A lack of moisture on the tilled lands of a municipality may mean that many young people are deprived of schooling, a sudden hail reduce the revenue of church, a frost forbid further browsing in the well thumbed book that tells of gingham, of groceries, of everything. An army of Alberta coal miners depend largely on the ups and downs, particularly the "downs," of the thermometer. And when, as now, the meadows and mountains are clothed as with a green garment and there is promise of well filled barns, even the urban Scrooges become genial Cratchitts and all the trees of the field do clap their hands in approval.

These, and such like thoughts were induced by an inspiring environment, for yesterday we sat in a meteorological station on the summit of a high peak in the Rockies, listening to the confused yet pleasant tick-tocking of the weatherman's clocks, watching through the open doorway the cloud shadows gliding smoothly across the valley far below. From the log-book of this lofty observatory we learned much concerning factors which determine the climate of the prairie provinces and gained insight as to the work necessary to produce "To-morrow's Forecast" in the daily news-sheets.

WHAT'S THE WEATHER GOING TO DO?



Norman Sanson, Canada's veteran weather clerk, making notes at the observatory on the summit of Sulphur Mountain

Norman Sanson is the official in charge of the weather bureau at Banff. Over a period of thirty years he has made regular bi-monthly visits to the observatory on Sulphur Mountain, and so doing has walked up a very steep hill for four thousand miles and climbed eighty-five times higher than Mount Everest. From his goodly store of reminiscence we gleaned a sheaf of facts pertaining to climate in the Canadian Rockies.

The highest temperature recorded at this elevated station is 76 degrees Fahr.—the lowest, minus 47. When extremely low temperatures prevail in the valleys it is not unusual to find comparatively mild weather on the summits. Thus in January 1916, the most frigid month on record in the West, there was a difference of over 45 degrees in the mean readings of base and summit instruments, the higher temperatures being recorded at the latter post. The year 1909 was notable in that no peal of thunder disturbed the peace of upper Bow Valley. Here, the Chinook winds pass high overhead and do not even kiss the snowy peaks. When the barometer is high in the Rockies and low on the Great Plains then comes this marvelous warm wind, its force apparently governed by difference of air pressure in the mountains and on the prairies.

Looking across the white capped sea of jagged peaks on this wondrous day in late June, watching the play of sunlight and shadow on the olive green pines, we had mental vision of where the big white clouds were coming from and whither they were bound. Perchance they were uplifted from fruitful orchards on the Fraser, it might be that

they travelled to fertile wheat lands by the Saskatchewan. And as we wished them God-speed a fragrant breeze from flowery Alpine meadows spoke soothingly as did a messenger of old when he said: "Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice. . . . the floors shall be full of wheat . . . the years that the locust hath eaten shall be restored. . . . And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you."—Dan McCowan.

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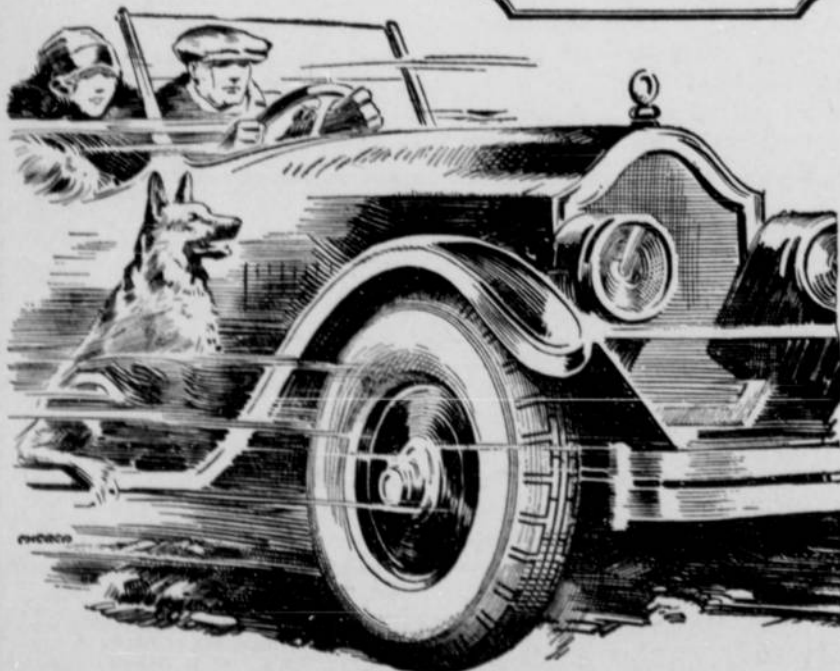
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I DO not think that there are very many of us who would care to follow the example of Thoreau and go away off into a lonely part of the country and there build for ourselves a little hut on the edge of a pond and attempt to live out life in the simplest way possible, without human companionship, without luxuries of any kind and without many of the things which we now consider actual necessities.

But there are times when we, like Thoreau, find our lives crowded with things, people, work and events, and we then could wish that we could find some place where there is peace and quiet, where there is opportunity for thinking things out. As it is we feel that we are machines driven from one task to another with always something awaiting our time and attention just ahead.

Thoreau's quarrel, with the manner of living of his day, was that people let themselves be so crowded with the piling up of possessions, seeking new pursuits that they had not time for thinking or for really enjoying life. Life has become too complex and instead of men and women mastering their possessions, their possessions master them. He believed that this was true of country people as well as city people and his claim was that: "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone."

Thoreau, perhaps because of his manner of living but most assuredly because of the thoughts he passed on to others, earned the title—the man who escaped from the herd. He caused many people to pause and put a value on the things they were doing.

We live in an age of rush today. We pride ourselves that we as Canadians are a people of action, that we are people who "get things done." A very large proportion of our life is spent in going and doing. We are not always altogether sure just where our "going" is taking us or what is the value of our "doing." Some of us find logical thinking a bit uncomfortable so we occupy ourselves otherwise. Sometimes I think that we might to good advantage take a few pages from the teachings of some of the Oriental people. The Hindu regards it as a sacred duty to take time for daily meditation.

I chanced upon a happy thought in reading of Thoreau's life and it was this: that we should have "thinking rooms" in our houses. He was pointing out that civilization has greatly improved the houses people live in, but it has not equally improved the people who inhabit them, and went on to say: "Perchance the time will come when every house will have not only its sleeping rooms and dining rooms and talking room or parlor, but its thinking room, and the architects will put it in their plans. Let it be furnished and ornamented with whatever conduces to serious and creative thought."

We need and have "talking rooms" where one can sit round and chat in a sociable way with the members of our family, with neighbors and other visitors. With the event of radio we shall almost need to make an appeal to architects to plan for us walls that will shut us off from talking occasionally. The radio has brought the world to our very doorsill. But we must not neglect our own personal development. Like Thoreau we may need to take some considerable pains that the thoughts of many people do not keep us from thinking our own.

But a "thinking room"—how would one go about to secure it and furnish it?

It might be a movable room. One that we could carry about with us. It most certainly must have a door which could be closed and be fitted with a fairly stout lock, with a key that would remain in our individual possession, for after all no two people could occupy the same thinking room, at least not for very long at a time. But there would be times when we would want company. Thinking is rather a lonely occupation. Yes, but the right to close the door when we wish should be ours. That is the reason we will keep the key. It is so very necessary to be able to slip away from others at times. We gain, repose, nerve strength and a sane-ness of view by being able to do so. We each take from the other some strength. We say: "people tire us." That is our way of putting a well recognized fact. We know that certain people make us feel rested or happier. We do not realize that they have actually passed on to us some of their strength. Ask a speaker after he has addressed an audience and he will tell you that he is physically tired. Christ touched by the woman as He passed along the road, had no need to be told that someone implored help. So we will use our thinking room for restoring our own strength.

During these summer days we may move our thinking room out of doors and carry it about on our back, as the snail does its house while we work in the garden or walk along quiet roads.

When the grey, the dark and the cold days come there must be a place found indoors for the thinking room, corner or whatever we may wish to call it. There is no need for elaborate furnishings. Our better nature finds its outlet in some quiet place made beautiful by simplicity and comfortable with the requirements of human existence. I am afraid I should not like Thoreau's log hut with its rude, hand-made table and chairs for my thinking room, but I realize that other people might not like the kind of a room I like. Thoreau would have scorned soft cushions, pretty hangings, shaded lamps, but I would want them sometimes, especially when I was tired or nervous. Some people might consider that my room was not conducive to thinking. But I would have in it one or two uncushioned, straight-backed chairs to use when I wanted to discipline myself in a certain line of thinking. But if all the chairs in it were like that I am afraid I wouldn't want to visit that room very often.

I would hang little notices about warning those who entered that there were certain rules they must respect if they wished to remain. One would be respect for other people's opinions, another, toleration, another sympathy and an important one would be quietness.

I would make provision for a cheery fire, for one can not think one's best thoughts when fingers and toes ache with the cold or when one is chilled to the marrow. I shall have books aplenty, some for the sad days, some for the glad days, some to teach me things I should know. If I could afford it I would have a beautiful picture or two on the walls, but unless I could have good pictures I would rather do without any.

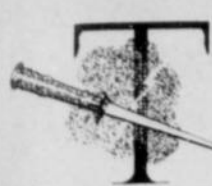
Yes, I like Thoreau's idea that we should have a thinking room in our houses.

The Countrywoman

THE BRATTONI AFFAIR

By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

Do you like a good mystery story? Here is one, by one of Canada's best fiction writers who is rapidly building for himself an enviable reputation for good work, both at home and in England



HERE have been so many conflicting rumors and reports, so much garbled newspaper talk and tea-table gossip, that I feel a clear statement of the facts of the Brattoni case can harm no one and will at least clear away a lot of unnecessary sinister speculation.

As I write of it now, after the lapse of all these months, the whole affair comes back to me with remarkable vividness. But then it is not one of those things to be lightly shaken from memory. Particularly does the familiar image of Garry rise up before me, just as he stood there that night—immaculate in white flannels, smoking one after another of his favorite brand of Egyptians, and yawning away as only a man can do who has faced a score of queer situations in as many parts of the world. It was typical of the man that he chose to stand when he was in this rare vein of reminiscence, illustrating his points with quick, jerky movements of his long, angular person. His whole soul went into anything he did, expressing itself in tremendous nervous energy when he was at work, in equally complete relaxation when he was in repose.

The rest of us reclined, in various states of negligee, about the room. Garry's den—notably the coolest spot in town—drew the five of us from our own lonely estate by its bearable temperature no less than did his own amiable, hospitable personality. The absence of our families during these "dog days" of summer, had thrown those of us who were benedicts back upon the comradeships of our bachelor days. Garry's somehow became the centre of gravitation. His house—a place of some pretensions—stood on the outskirts of the town, and was set back from the road among shade trees that partly accounted for the coolness we so gratefully sought. I rather fancy that when his family and the servants were in the country Garry welcomed the opportunity of pottering around attending to his own wants for a short while. I, who have shared some of the strange curried concoctions of his preparing can vouch for their culinary excellence.

I recall that on the night of which I speak the conversation turned, through a reference in one of Garry's yarns, to the curios and trophies which adorned his shelves and walls.

"Queer old place, that joint of Brattoni's," Garry said presently, selecting from the mantelpiece a little object that glinted redly in the last rays of a stormy sunset. "It's got a kind of fascination for me—although I've picked up most of this stuff first hand from odd parts of the universe. Positively can't pass up George Street without popping in to see what new freak he's unearthed. I think he's wise to my weakness and saves up his specials for me. Where he gets 'em all beats me, though I'll wager what you like many of 'em have a shady past. Try to pump him and the old boy shuts up like a clam, or registers extreme pain and answers with a non-committal shrug of those expressive shoulders of his. Picked this up today on my way down town—what d'ye think of it, Doctor?"

I took it from him, and it went the rounds of the circle, examined in turn by each of the five of us. Nothing very striking about it, I thought. Just a flat, queerly-shaped piece of polished steel, stiletto-like, very keen-edged in the blade, and thickening to form a handle, curiously chased.

"Nothing very artistic about it," I hazarded, "I have some pretty little instruments at home I like better."

"A fine piece of steel," said Wilkie, with the eye and touch of an expert.

"A wicked-looking blade," was Bardell's comment, "and, in its sheath, uncommon easy to conceal handily about the person. Do you twig the initials 'C.B.' worked into the chasing on the handle?" Bardell has a dubiously interesting passion for superficial

criminology, and is an obvious reader of detective fiction.

"It may be an ordinary little weapon," Bertram said, with that slow deliberate manner that his years of banking experience have brought him, "but it's undoubtedly different from anything I've ever seen. You'd remember that peculiar shape anywhere."

Graham leaned over it in intent examination, then passed it without comment to its owner. A queer fellow, Graham—very silent, rather clever, though—a criminal lawyer with a long list of successful cases to his credit.

"The funny thing about it," said Garry, "is its rather interesting history—perhaps reputation is a better word. Quite a treacherous little weapon apparently. Look at Bardell's mouth beginning to water. Perhaps you'd like to have it, Bardell? The peculiar tang about this little toy is that it has changed hands quite a few times in the last couple of years or so, and each time has brought death to its owner. At least that's the yarn Brattoni spins. How the devil he knows is another thing—I couldn't pump him further—but I fancy he's as adept a liar as he is a salesman. To tell the truth I wasn't greatly interested until he began to elaborate on its history, and at times he was quite convincing. How about it Bardell?"

"Thanks, not for mine, Garry. I've read enough of this darned fiction to almost believe it. I'd rather you'd keep it."

If I remember rightly it was just at this point that the doorbell rang, and Garry went to answer it. The low murmur of the earlier conversation that floated in from the hallway rose into what sounded almost like an altercation. Garry came back shortly, laughing.

"Speak of the devil!" he said. "It was that funny beggar, Brattoni—bowing and scraping—was so sorry his assistant had sent the dagger home without his knowledge—he had set it aside to be polished up before sending. If I would let him have it he would return it in proper shape. I told him I'd attend to that myself, but he was so obstinate I had to pretty well order him out. He must have repented of his bargain, I think."

"Something fishy about it, I say," declared Bardell gloomily.

Garry laughed afresh.

"Look here, Garry," it was Graham who spoke; even in the dim light of the electric street are that now threw its rays across the intervening stretch of lawn into the room, I could see the evident earnestness of the man, "don't be an infernal fool! It's all very well to scoff at this kind of thing, but it's best to play safe. You'll at least credit me with knowing something of

the cross-currents of the underworld—I've bumped up against a few odd things in my time, too. Better let me have that and I'll drop it in at Brattoni's in the morning for you, and call the deal off. It's right on my way to the office."

"Thanks, old boy," Garry said lightly, with his amiable grin. "I couldn't dream of letting you run the risk over night. I'm sorry I can't work up a proper enthusiasm over this, but after escaping a Malay kukri in the vitals by the odd inch or two, and a little experience or two on the African border

that I think I've mentioned to you, I fancy I'm not predestined to come to a steely end. I tell you what I'll do, Graham, in deference to your kindly interest and anxiety for my welfare, I'll lock the bally thing up in my deposit vault down town tomorrow, until the folks come home. In the meantime nobody'll be any the wiser but the six of us." He set the dagger back on the mantelpiece, lit a fresh cigarette, and turned the conversation on the subject of psychological research.

That set Bardell off on another pet hobby, and it was close on midnight when we broke up. I remember the clock on the mantelpiece chiming twelve when we rose, but Garry said it was a little fast.

The night was breathless and oppressive, following the great heat of the day.

"Little sleep we'll get to-night in this atmosphere," growled Wilkie.

"Nonsense," retorted Garry, "you fellows get thinking how hot you are and all the rest, and then wonder why you suffer. Thank heaven in knocking about the world I've learned the art of sleeping soundly under any circumstances. Besides, we'll have a storm presently, and that'll help cool things off. Well—drop around tomorrow again. Good-night!"

I shall always remember, too, Garry standing there in the doorway, looking the very picture of the coolness he professed, nodding and smiling his farewells. It seems as though the scene was etched on my brain by the sudden vivid flash of lightning that came just then, followed by the deep roll of distant thunder, promising the welcome relief of a storm.

A blowout is a disheartening kind of thing at any time and in itself, but when it is capped by a mysterious engine trouble, and the whole at an ungodly hour, it just rouses my obstinacy. I'll stick with the thing then if it means coming home with the milk in the morning. I was barely a hundred yards away from Garry's place when it happened, and the only thing I was thankful for was that the other fellows were on ahead and not a witness of my misfortunes; I'm a bit touchy about things like that. A policeman on his lonely beat stopped, and proving friendly, consented to lend a hand; afterwards I had reason to be glad of this.

The impending storm caught us just when the steady throbbing of the engine told us our labors were crowned with success. In all conscience I couldn't pull away in such a downpour;

no water-proof made could offer immunity. My friend in need gratefully accepted a temporary shelter in the car. Never, I think, have I seen heavier rain or more vivid lightning.

I remember remarking: "It's almost like a cloudburst," and the officer's quick reply: "Well, there's someone anyhow as isn't afraid of gettin' wet, sir!"

A drenched figure hurried by, hunched up in his coat collar. I suppose he was thirty yards or more ahead of us when a more blinding flash than ever came. It seemed literally as though the heavens opened and let down a great spurt of bluish flame. The bolt hit a tree, close by the hurrying figure, stripping its branches and cleaving its great trunk. Even above the storm we could hear the shriek of the man, who crumpled into a little heap and lay, rolling and twisting horribly in the overblowing gutter.

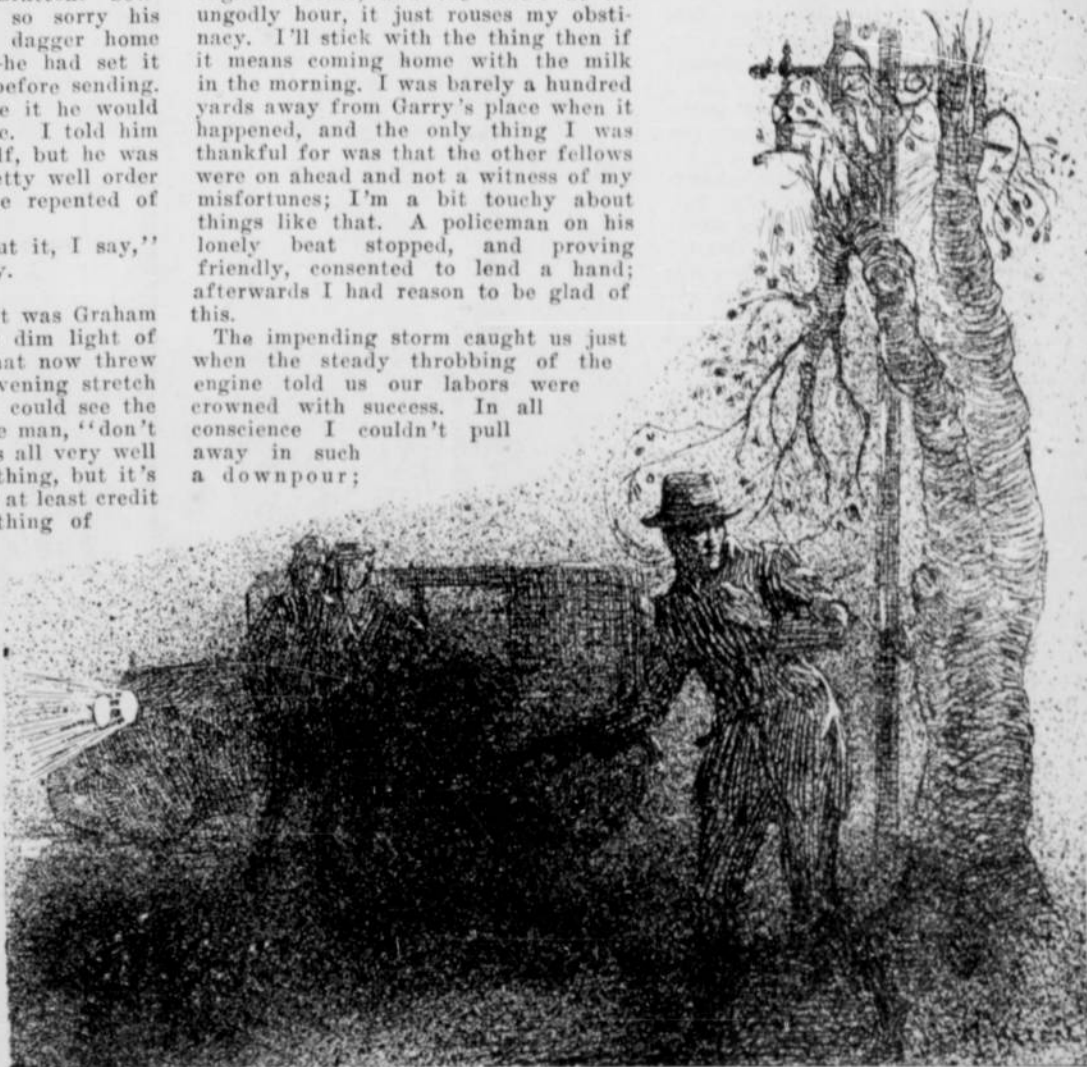
"Good God!" I cried, "he's struck!"

The officer was out before me, but I followed close at his heels, regardless of the downpour. And then a queer thing happened. While we were yet ten yards or more away the figure rose and scurried off, like some frightened creature of the night. By the light of successive flashes we made out his limping receding form; then he turned a corner sharply and we lost him.

"That's a rummy go, sir, now ain't it?" declared my friend, the policeman, stopping and scratching his head. "I made sure he was a goner, and then when we got near up he pops an' beats it hell-for-leather. Maybe, though, he was too shook up to know what he was about."

It was just short of ten minutes past one then, because I checked the time with the officer's watch, and it was well beyond two o'clock before I was able to seek what proved to be a very restless sleep. I woke from a final dream in which my friend, the constable, was hard on my heels, flourishing a small dagger from which came vivid electric discharges, to find the sun high in the heavens and my 'phone ringing furiously. It was Wilkie calling.

"That you, Doctor? . . . Have you heard the news? . . . No? well, it just reached me."



"The figure rose and scurried off like some frightened creature of the night"

A cold fear gripped me. My question was answered intuitively before I ventured to put it into words.

"Wilkie . . . it's not . . . Garry?"

"Found this morning, Doctor . . . newspaper boy saw the body through the open window and called the police . . . stone dead . . . knife thrust over heart . . . evidently put up a struggle . . . was lying there in his pyjamas right under the mantelpiece . . . Poor old Garry . . . tough luck, what?"

It was only later that we learned that the little dagger had disappeared.

Brattoni's lies in the heart of the downtown section, where great modern warehouses spread themselves over acres of adjacent land, and ambitious office-buildings raise their heads high in the air as if to hide its ancient insignificance. Brattoni's disdains them. It does not matter that the little shop, with its dark interior and dusty, cluttered stock, lies just out of sight up a narrow, deformed street that has since, to all intents and purposes, become a lane. Brattoni's is famous. Thither repair women of fashion in silks or furs according to season; thither go men like Garry, curio-hunters, who find their feet turning up the narrow, crooked way as readily as those of the drunkard to the Mecca of his desire; thither, also, at times—and usually under the cover of darkness—go men of questionable reputation—furtive, slinking individuals to whom the good light of day is a thing to be avoided; thither, in consequence, heavy-footed plain-clothes men find their way, men of an annoying inquisitive turn of mind, who ask many questions and receive smiling imperturbable answers that lead them nowhere. Thither went I on the morning after Garry's death. Somehow, though I had little business meddling, I could not keep away.

Brattoni himself greeted me, white teeth flashing beneath his great, up-curved moustache, once raven black, now greying streakily, hands kneading each other in obsequious delight at my visit.

"Eet is long time since Meester Porchiss has honored me wit a veesit—yaaz."

"You have a good memory for names and faces, Signor."

"Sometimes eet is so." I fancied that Brattoni's eyes, regarding me keenly from under shaggy brows, held a touch of suspicion. But he still smiled.

On the pretext of viewing some Japanese curios jumbled together in one corner I drew him aside. Then I came right to the point.

"Brattoni," I said, "just what is the plain truth about that little dagger you sold Mr. Garrett yesterday?"

The smile vanished, a frown of annoyance and, I thought, of anxiety, furrowed his brow. He spread his hands in a gesture of deprecation. Mr. Garrett was a good customer—yes; Brattoni was overcome with horror and sorrow at the news of his death; but the dagger had come into his (Brattoni's) possession at a sale, he could not recall just where. Must he spend all day answering questions about this dagger?—already three had been in to ask. This was no news to me. I knew the detectives were right on the job—and indeed my self-appointed mission down here was partly the result of their apparent lack of credence in the gruesome history of the little weapon. I knew, too, that Bardell had been down nosing around, but seemed to have had an unsatisfactory time.

"And you told them?" I queried.

"The same as to you also, Meester Porchiss—the truth! Of the dagger I know little."

"Then what of this cock-and-bull story you told Mr. Garrett about its past history?"

Again that deprecating spread of hands.

"Eet is but a story. Eet came to my mind I had heard eet when I bought. I thought maybe eet would interest Meester Garrett. One must leeve—is eet not so, Meester Porchiss?"

"But you must surely remember where you got it?"

"So many sales I go to; from so many places come my curios—eet is impossible I should remember all."

I was glad then of the foresight that

enabled me to make the next move. A Doctor acquires usually a fair knowledge of the art of character reading.

"Brattoni," I said, smiling insinuatingly, "there's a little roll of bills—fifty dollars—in this pocket that says you could think if you tried just where that dagger came from. It's all yours if you come across, and as far as your own connection goes that stops with me. Besides, it may help in the end—perhaps you don't realize that your own position in this affair is not done with yet."

Brattoni regarded me furtively, head on one side. He glanced quickly about him.

"One must leeve—yaaz. Feefty dollars is . . . feefty dollars. You are a gentleman—you geeve your word of honor—yaaz?"

I gave the necessary assurance. He took me confidently by the coat sleeve.

So very curious, Meester Porchiss, these detective people; so often they try to spoil Brattoni's reputation. Eet is true I do not always ask too much of where my curios come. Brattoni shrugged his shoulders as though to justify his policy of "asking no questions for conscience' sake." But, since I would know, the dagger had come to him six months or more ago. A man of somewhat unsavory reputation, known to the police and his pals as "The Flycatcher," had brought it in with much secrecy one night, asking that Brattoni should keep it safely locked away for him until he should call for it. It seemed that some strange vendetta gathered around this little weapon—one of those dark romances of the under-world that sometimes come to light in our courts and set men wondering as to the thickness of our veneer of civilization. "The Flycatcher" seemed in some fear of his life: much good money he paid to Brattoni for taking the risk, though probably slight, of assuming the temporary custody of the weapon. He went away then, slinking into the night; not again did Brattoni see him. A week later the "Flycatcher's" body was lying in a dark lane, down in his usual haunts. Three bullet holes told the story of his death. Little effort, apparently, was made to trace his murderers—they had saved the police much trouble! Six months or more had passed since then, without further developments. Brattoni had determined to sell the weapon as a curio.

"I thought eet would interest Meester Garrett. He bought eet. I am sorry—eet is all. One must leeve—yaaz!"

"You know nothing more?"

"Also on my honor as a gentleman—nothing. I thank you, sir. Much obliged. Eet will help. One must leeve—yaaz!"

I left him and the fifty dollars and went. It seemed a lot for a little information, and I was at pains to know how to use it after all. I must not implicate Brattoni in any way—he had my word on that.

As I went out the low doorway of the shop I nearly bumped into a man. It was Graham—the criminal lawyer. Coming from the sunshine into the dark interior of the place he did not recognize me. It occurred to me that the tragedy of our friend, Garry's death was weighing heavily upon him, too, and I was not surprised that he should be down here on a mission similar to my own; for the life of me, I couldn't help smiling when I thought of his forthcoming interview with Signor Brattoni! I wondered if the old crook would show him the door, unwilling to be bothered further; or whether another roll of bills would follow mine into Brattoni's ready pocket.

With the matter of poor Garry's funeral and other things to occupy my attention, I had little time to think things through during the next twenty-four hours. By that time there were new developments that knocked all my own discoveries and theories clean out of my head. The verdict of the coroner's jury that the death was due to "murder by person or persons unknown" was quickly followed up by further efforts on the part of the detectives.

Brattoni was under arrest!

He had been put under close observation and was seen in his queer little

office, just off the main shop, fingering some small object; later he was arrested in the act of surreptitiously burying it in the narrow strip of land back of his place. His overmastering terror at the arrest was tantamount to a confession of guilt, despite his vigorously protested innocence. The object, when unearthed by the police, proved to be the missing dagger. The elaborately chased handle was a trifle scarred and battered, but there was no mistaking the weapon. It was the identical one purchased by the murdered man.

For the prosecution—Angus Haversham, K.C., Wilson Graham, K.C. I was not surprised at the announcement. That Graham should turn his shrewd ability from his usual espousal of the cause of the criminal to a whole-hearted attempt to convict the slayer of his friend Garrett was but natural. Haversham and Graham were good friends, too, though often arrayed against each other; Haversham welcomed, indeed, as I afterwards learned, suggested that Graham should assist in the prosecution. The grand jury being in session at the time a "true bill" was found—and Brattoni's trial was not long delayed.

It is to be feared that my practice suffered somewhat during those days. My own evidence was given early, corroborated by the police officer, but it led nowhere. The hurrying figure in the storm, impossible of identification was a vague thing upon which to build a case. Later I found a peculiar fascination in witnessing the way in which the prosecution wove a convicting web about the person of the accused. The trial was a brief one. Brattoni's attempt to prove an alibi was unsuccessful. He lived alone over his shop; he could prove nothing. That he had found the weapon among some papers on his desk and, fearing the result of being found with it in his possession had sought to bury it—such was the line of defence. The source from which he secured the dagger in the first place was brought out in the trial in essentially the same terms as Brattoni used to me the day I parted with my fifty-dollar inducement. Counsel for the prosecution turned this evidence against him as proving his dealings with men of the underworld.

The salient points in the case were of course that Brattoni had, to certain knowledge, tried to get the weapon back from Garrett on the evening of the murder, Mr. Garrett giving a refusal; that a few days later the weapon was found in the accused's possession—indeed, that he was arrested in the very act of hiding the evidence of his guilt.

A Prayer While Making Bread

By Margaret Minaker

*Help me, Lord, I humbly pray,
With my bread on baking day.*

*Let me realize, I ask,
The high import of my task.*

*When I knead the springing dough,
Let my thoughts rise, even so.*

*All the efforts of the year—
Sowing-reaping-crowned here.*

*Men shall draw their fire and brawn
From the bread I labor on.*

*From this essence of the earth,
Children gain their health and mirth.*

*All these mystic changes wrought,
Lord, thy power alone, hast brought.*

*Thou hast scorned not, lo! instead,
Called Thy very self, "The Bread."*

*So, dear Lord, I humbly ask
Thoughts exalted at my task.*

One link only in the chain of damning evidence was missing—the motive for the murder, or, perhaps I should say, the motive for securing the weapon again at such a price.

Under the spell of argument in favor of the prosecution, I must confess to leaning strongly towards a verdict of guilty; in the calm, dispassionate re-

flection of my study I found it difficult to believe, even in the face of such circumstantial evidence as was adduced, in the guilt of Brattoni. That he knew more than the defence admitted I was certain, but somehow I could not quite bring myself to believe that the actual murder lay at his door. Poor Brattoni!—every day he seemed to be shrinking into a shadow of his former self, his early hopes vanishing as his protestations of innocence were shown to be the empty denials of the guilty. His one chance, it seemed to me, lay in this missing link of evidence. What motive could a man have in selling a weapon to a customer, and the same night striking him dead with it?

I have said that these happenings stand out vividly in my memory. Of that last day of the trial this is particularly true. It comes to my mind as though it were but yesterday—the crowded courtroom, with its close-packed, sweltering, rather malodorous press of humanity; the learned judge, clothed with grave dignity, and perhaps by virtue of the near approach of the verdict, a trifle more querulous than usual; the opposing counsel, more eagerly alert than ever—Graham noticeably nervous as he sat there rustling through the papers before him; Brattoni himself, very pallid of face, his beady eyes following every movement that might be of moment to himself, and all the while with the look of a hunted creature in them. It came to me then what a strange, imperfect game of chess this man-made system of ours is—the opposing counsel the players, the stake a man's life.

And then they called him to the stand to witness in his own behalf—a final examination by his own lawyers. It seemed to me that under the very shadow of the gallows his case took on a new aspect; running through his nervous answers to the clever questioning of the defence was a note of deep sincerity. He had all the genuine passion of an innocent man protesting his wrongs. It was true he had secured the weapon from a man of unsavory character; true that he had sold the weapon to the murdered man; true that he had called for it the fatal evening, that he might have it put in proper shape—he was always careful of such details; true that, when he found the dagger on his premises—returned through means beyond his knowledge—he had sought to hide it, terrorized by the thought of discovery—afraid to notify the police. It made a favorable impression, though there was nothing new in it; the jury exchanged nods and whisperings. Defending counsel, too, had the look of those conscious of having acquitted themselves well in a tight corner.

Then it was that Haversham nodded to his associate. Graham rose to cross-examine.

"According to the evidence, you sold the dagger to Mr. Garrett, telling him it would be delivered later?"

"Eet is so."

"But your assistant sent it up without your knowledge?"

"Yes?"

"Speak a little louder, please. Did this lead to a quarrel with your assistant?"

The defence registered an objection, which was not sustained. Graham resumed.

"I repeat—did you quarrel with your assistant?"

"Eet is possible. Sometimes he is very stupid."

"You were very upset about something, and threatened to dismiss him?"

"I was angry. I do not know what I said."

"And later you went to Mr. Garrett's house personally, and asked for the return of the weapon?"

"Yes."

Graham stepped to the table, and held up the dagger exhibited there.

"You admit this is the identical weapon you sold to Mr. Garrett?"

"Eet is the same."

"Then can you give the court any reason why it should have been defaced in this manner—between the time it was sent to Mr. Garrett and the time it was found in your possession?"

Brattoni's newly-gained assurance

THE TOP OF THE WORLD

*The productive possibilities of
Canada's Northern
Hinterland*

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS



An oat field at Hunker Creek, in the Yukon

THE arctic regions the centre of the world! A new and surprising idea! But that is what Vilhjalmur Stefansson has been telling the people of Canada and the United States in his lectures during the past few years.

This is really a startling idea to most of us who since childhood have been accustomed to seeing the polar regions away at the top of the map—with nothing beyond but a stretch of wall and the ceiling. We have thought of them as the "end" or "top" of the world—a frozen barrier beyond which few could pass and fewer still would care to go.

If there is anything in this idea that the polar regions are the world's centre it is undoubtedly of greater interest to Canadians than anyone else, with the possible exception of the people of Siberia, and it is therefore worth considering.

Of course, on a sphere, any given point may be considered the centre, but when we speak of the centre of the world we refer to the centre of that part of it which is habitable. An examination of an ordinary school globe (how many of us have looked at a globe since we left school!) will show that the great land masses of the earth are in the northern hemisphere. Below the Equator the preponderance is water.

Up to the time of Columbus the Mediterranean Sea was actually all its name implies—the centre of the world. The civilization of that time was clustered closely about its shores. But few will argue that it is now the world's centre.

At the time when the Mediterranean lapped the shores of practically the entire known world people generally believed that the earth was flat. It was a saucer, the rim of which was the habitable world and the centre of which was the Mediterranean. Then came a man with an idea. He was not the first to whom the idea had come. But he seemed to be obsessed with it. He believed that the world was round: that one might sail westward to China. He sailed to the west and theory became fact.

Yet in spite of Columbus' discovery we still to all intents and purposes think of the world as a cylinder. When we think of going round the world we nearly always think of traveling either from east to west or from west to east. If the world were indeed a sphere we should be able to go around it also from north to south.

In fact, for three hundred years navigators did attempt to go part way round the world by sailing north. Expedition after expedition headed into the north only to be defeated by the fields of floating ice. Eventually there occurred the tragic loss of the Franklin expedition; and the dream of a short route to the Orient by way of the arctic received a shock from which it has not yet recovered. There is no doubt that for surface ships the Arctic, comparatively small as it is, is practically an impassable barrier. We are now entering, however, upon an area of aerial navigation. And the flocks of the polar ocean provide no obstruction to flight. On the contrary, in the opinion of aeronautical experts and authorities in climatology, it is believed that flying

conditions in the far north will prove as favorable as in any other portion of the globe, and in many respects more favorable. But the principal reason why many of the future transhemispheric air routes will probably traverse the polar regions is that the shortest distance between many important points in the eastern and western hemisphere is across the Arctic. For instance, about 3,500 miles can be saved between London and Tokyo by flying north from England. The time can even be foreseen when aerial routes will form a network across the polar ocean much as steamship routes now gird the Atlantic. They will be on the great highways of the world.

This, of course, will not come about in a year, nor in a decade. It may not come to pass during the life-time of the writer, nor of those who read. But it must assuredly come to pass some day.

Many people, unfortunately a great many of them Canadians, think of Canada as a narrow ribbon of territory stretching along the northern border of the United States, with a vast expanse of worthless land reaching from thence to the perpetually-frozen Arctic. If this view be correct, then Canada is doomed to national inferiority forever. But it is not true!

It is no more true than that the earth is flat. And if Canadians will only realize the value of their own great hinterland, Canada need not very much longer remain the attenuated fringe

she now undoubtedly is.

Canada represents a land area of 3,603,336 square miles, yet less than one-seventh of this great territory is even sparsely settled. There is perhaps good reason for this. But, unfortunately, many Canadians (as well as people in other parts of the world), have the impression that the greater part of this vast region is destined to remain forever uninhabited, or thinly settled at best.

Their principal reason for this view is the climate. And it may be just as well to admit at the outset that over a great portion of Canada's immense northern territory the winter is long, and in some places cold. But the cold is

no more intense than it is in many places in the settled portions of Canada where people seem to exist prosperously and to thrive healthfully. Of all the people in the world today it is safe to say that the overwhelming majority are living in places, the climate of which they do not completely like. Weather is a matter of relative opinion; and there is ample evidence to show that settlement of the Canadian northland need not be seriously deterred by climatic conditions. A greater deterrent will be the erroneous views of the climate which people obstinately



A sample of wild red-top grass, grown north of the Arctic circle

hold. Some day someone will write an "Outline of History" in terms of water—the influence which water, both salt and fresh, has had upon the des-



A potato crop at Dawson

tinies of nations. Three of Canada's boundaries are formed by the ocean, and seven of the nine provinces are maritime; but what is perhaps of greater importance is that the Dominion possesses something more than half the fresh water in the world. The greatest lakes in the world are, of course, the Great Lakes, which Canada shares with the United States. But it is not generally realized that the next largest lake in the world are, of North America, is not Lake Erie, but Great Bear Lake, whose northern shore is cut by the Arctic Circle. Great Slave Lake is not much smaller, and thousands of lakes, both large and small, stud like jewels the vast northlands of Canada.

These numerous lakes are drained or connected by some of the largest and longest rivers in the world. The Mackenzie, which is practically all north of the present settled area, is second only to the Mississippi. Then there are the Yukon, Peace, Churchill, Nelson, Hamilton and hundreds of others, most of which are navigable for variable distances, and nearly all capable of producing hydroelectric energy in greater or less degree.

Canada's forests, properly conserved, will supply more than Canada's needs for as far ahead as it is possible to look. And the great bulk of this forest area is also beyond the present limits of settlement.

North of the great forest zone is a broad belt of country represented in the minds of most people by the term, "barren lands." To many people land without trees is barren. But great tundras thickly carpeted with grasses and sedges and mosses, supporting millions of grass-eating animals, such as the caribou and musk ox, cannot with truth be called barren.

People driven from one point to another by the logic of facts in their desire to fix a northern limit beyond which settlement in Canada shall not go, have established their Hindenburg Line at the "barren lands." But they do not stop to consider that in northern Europe and Asia, similar lands have long been inhabited. The trouble with most of us is that we have difficulty in thinking of life in terms other than those to which we are accustomed. We consider the accessories of life, such as we have around us, essential to existence, even though by so doing we imply thereby that before our own era mankind must have been very miserable indeed.

Therefore, when it is suggested that the great northern tundras will some day be occupied by settlers who will make their living by raising reindeer, many people exclaim, "But who wants to live that sort of a life?" The answer is that there is no considerable portion of the world where people cannot or will not live. The grazing areas of the north await the herds of the future; and in due course both the herds and the herdsmen will be forthcoming.

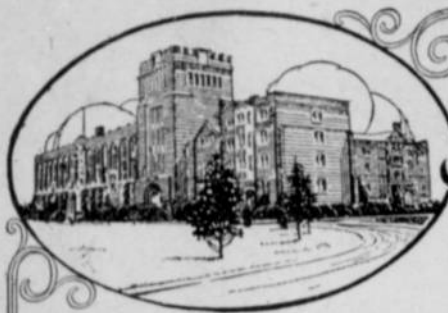
As settlement increases (the world's population has doubled in less than a century) the grazing lands of the world decrease. Land formerly devoted to grazing becomes too valuable for pasture. This means a reduction



A display of vegetables grown at Fort Vermilion, Alberta, 700 miles north of the International boundary

Continued on Page 22

School and College Directory



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FINANCING A COLLEGE COURSE

Students who are to reap the greatest benefit from a college course should not be expected to earn any considerable portion of its cost while in attendance

SCHOOL closing time comes round again and with it comes the anxious question to so many prairie households of the wisdom of a continued education for the son or daughter who has just finished the first stage in acquiring a formal education. It is a subject that one approaches tremblingly, for it is so many-sided, so paradoxical and the confusion of tongues about it is already so great, that no one dares to speak with finality unless, like Cardinal Bellarmine or the Protestant Calvin, to support his view about education against all-comers he is willing again to light the faggots round the stake. Realizing the gravity of the subject I approach it humbly, petitioning the shade of Plato, as another recent writer has done for wise utterance. (Plato, be it remembered, was the Greek philosopher who suggested a scheme of universal education, supported by the state, for the purpose of discovering and fostering genius; also to determine and develop the natural capacities of all youth, giving pupils much instruction as their native endowment would enable them to take.)

For most farm folks at the present time, financing the college course is the most vexing angle of the question. Before me is the calendar of an agricultural college with a five months' course. The barest essentials at this college call for about \$200 for the freshman year; more in later years. Clothing, railway fares, books and the other unavoidable incidentals take certainly \$100 more, and unless the student exercises the most unremitting economy he will easily require in excess of \$400. For the eight and nine months' courses at the more expensive schools expenses may run to \$1,000 a year.

Who is to furnish the money? Fathers find that it makes a heavy call on farm finances. Those who are not in touch with the realities of college life dismiss the question airily with a statement something like this: "Oh, with the facilities that exist nowadays, most any youngster can get an education and pay for it as he goes along."

A Declining Practice

Well, let us examine that. There is probably a smaller percentage of students earning their own way today than there was a generation ago in Western Canadian colleges. In at least one college, where concurrently earned money was an important item in helping students through the course, it is now forbidden altogether. At all institutions where it is allowed there is a great dearth of jobs, and freshman students have to be satisfied with work which is not very remunerative, graduating to better positions in succeeding years in accordance with the way in which they fill those first given to them.

One of the universities in the western United States declared recently that about 40 per cent. of its students were financing their college courses, wholly or in part, from wages earned while at school. An investigation showed that these students were doing the widest variety of work; girls were operating telephone boards, clerking in stores and waiting at soda fountains, dish-washing, table-waiting, minding babies, and a variety of jobs that would fit into their spare time. Boys were tending furnaces, washing windows, mowing lawns; the best paid job listed was that of a boy who earned \$60 a month as night man at a garage, sleeping, if he slept at all, in snatches between calls while on duty.

There is nothing in these lighter forms of work which should tax a student's health over-much or interfere with his scholastic progress, but cases like that of the boy who rose at 3 a.m. to start out on a milk route, and at 9 a.m. attended his first lecture are to be deplored. Youth demands some relaxation unless the life that grows out of it is to be contracted and ill-balanced. It is asking too much of a boy or girl to expect them to go through a college course without taking part in some of the school activities outside the class-

room. Indeed, it is an open question if the debating and research clubs, the supplementary reading, athletics, and other forms of social and intellectual employment at college do not mean as much in fitting the student for the world of affairs as class-room attendance.

The Rights of the Needy

Parents who are able to do so are remiss in civic as well as parental duty when they refuse to finance the schooling of studious ambitious sons and daughters. For pupils from well-to-do families, forced into the ranks of wage-earners, make competition for jobs just that much keener, and so render more difficult the struggle of students whose parents have not the means to pay their expenses. Legally, of course, one person has as good a right to a job as another; yet ethically this is not true.

Self-made city men are sometimes obsessed with the idea that if their children want more education than the public schools afford, they should hustle for themselves and get it. There may, it is true, be something more than over-economy in this Spartan male attitude; that is contingent upon circumstances and the individual. The farm boy living at home is invariably an important contributor to the family income, and if the vision has come to him of the larger life to which education is the key no farm father is justified in refusing him assistance, provided of course farm operation leaves a surplus.

What Colleges Cannot Do

Occasionally one hears severe condemnation of college courses for farm boys and girls because they return home with an impossible set of ideals and a reluctance to bear any share of the burdens of the farm and home. A few cases of this kind are personally known to me. But I also knew the individuals concerned when their student days began, and it would have taken no keenly discerning mind to have predicted what the finished product would be. Fundamental habits are formed largely before students arrive at college age. The lure of education for these children was that it afforded an easy means of making a living. If a youth's motives cannot rise above this, throw him on his own resources immediately. The parent has left this youth's higher education till too late. Nothing can be effective in redeeming such a boy or girl but an unbroken period of hard work, after which a college course will often turn out a creditable product.

These two considerations make it worth while asking, "What is a true education?" Thomas Huxley's answer appeals most to me. He says: "That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all villainess, and to respect others as himself."—O. W. D.

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The Grain Growers' Guide

Winnipeg, Wednesday, July 1, 1925

Protection and Prosperity

Through the advertising columns of the press, J. J. Gibbons, president of the Gibbons advertising agency, is addressing a series of open letters to Premier King, the purpose of these letters being, he says, to secure "acceptance of those policies best calculated to ensure the continuous and well-balanced development" of Canada. Six of these letters have so far been published, and the gist of Mr. Gibbons' argument is that Canada must have a tariff at least as high as that of the United States, if the country is to attract immigrants, keep her own population and make progress.

In his second letter Mr. Gibbons urges Premier King to "follow the good example" and profit by the experience of the United States, whose tariff policy "by assuring every newcomer a steady job at good wages has been the only immigration policy she ever needed." Mr. Gibbons apparently accepts without question the very common belief that every worker in the United States is assured of "a steady job at good wages," that unemployment does not exist, or at least is negligible in amount, and that this desirable economic condition is the acknowledged fruit of a policy of high protection.

This belief, unfortunately, has no foundation in fact. There is in the United States, as in other industrial countries, a mass of floating unemployed. Last year the Russell Sage Foundation issued a report of a five years' study of employment in the United States, and the report says:

Averaging good and bad years, 10 to 12 per cent, of all the workers in the United States (several millions of men and women) are out of work all the time; widespread unemployment is now a constant phenomenon with far-reaching economic, social, psychological and moral bearings; in seeking work through certain types of commercial or fee-charging employment bureaus—particularly those dealing with unskilled and casual labor—thousands of men and women are being exploited.

In August, 1921, the U.S. Department of Labor furnished the Senate with an estimate of the extent of unemployment throughout the country. This was not an estimate of the absolute amount of unemployment, but a comparison between the numbers employed in July, 1920, and July, 1921. This comparison showed that out of a total of approximately 22,000,000 engaged in manufacturing, transportation, mining, trade and clerical work, and domestic and personal service, at least 5,735,000 were unemployed, or over 25 per cent. This figure is supported by an independent investigation conducted in 1921 by the Federal Reserve Board.

A report was also issued in 1922 by the National Industrial Conference Board, in which is said:

The present (1921) unemployment situation is abnormal, due to business depression. Over one-quarter of the industrial wage earners were out of work June 1, 1921, representing an estimated total of about 3,500,000 persons. The average number of those idle during normal times is about 1,800,000, which figure is arrived at by applying the estimate of 14 per cent. of average idleness among wage earners in four states to the estimated 12,800,000 industrial wage earners of the whole country. . . . Unemployment is clearly not an occasional or accidental condition to be met by charitable or philanthropic relief, but a continuing condition, at times becoming acute.

These figures of the Industrial Conference apply only to industrial workers, but it will be noted that they approximate closely to the figures for unemployment in general.

Such figures as were available before the war showed that the United States had as much unemployment as other countries. In the presidential election of 1908, Roosevelt declared that 15 per cent. of the workers who would vote in the election were out of jobs. The statistics for New York State and Massachusetts, the only states with unemployment figures that are worth anything, show an average unemployment for the years 1908-1915, of 23.1 per cent. for the former, and 9.8 per cent. for the latter. These figures are for members of trade unions only.

It is today generally recognized that unemployment is an inevitable product of the industrial organization. Tariff changes may have a temporary effect upon it because they may involve industrial readjustments, but the experience of all protectionist countries is that tariffs do not provide the worker with "a steady job at good wages."

Sacrificing the Prairies

It is apparent from a reading of the debate in the House of Commons, on the freight rates bill, that the rates on grain and flour eastbound, made statutory in 1922, was all that the Progressives from the prairie provinces could possibly save from the wreck of the Crow's Nest Pass agreement. Hon. George P. Graham, minister of railways, made that perfectly plain. Interrupting T. W. Bird, Progressive M.P. for Nelson, he said:

If the government did not stand as the buffer, the whole Crow's Nest agreement would have been wiped out at this session by an enormous majority. The government has been trying to protect my hon. friend so far as it could, and now it gets abuse for doing so.

Against whom were the representatives of the prairie provinces to be protected? The position of the Conservatives was well known; they wanted the agreement wiped out. If it could have been wiped out by "an enormous majority" it is clear the Liberals sitting behind Mr. Graham were prepared to join hands with the Conservatives for the complete smothering of the prairie representation, and the rejection of their just claims for these provinces.

That is something the voters in these prairie provinces need to keep green in their memories. Evidently the government coerced its supporters into conceding the grain and flour rates; except for that pressure there was no difference between Liberals and Conservatives. It is therefore easy to imagine what would have happened had there been no independent representation from the prairies in the House. The agreement would have been scrapped in toto, and grain rates would have soared upward in company with all other rates. For there is no doubt about what will follow the abrogation of that part of the agreement affecting westbound rates. "No matter what may be said in respect of the cancellation of this portion of the agreement that applies to westbound rates," declared Hon. T. A. Crerar, in his speech during the debate, "any man in his senses in this House or out of it, knows there will be only one result, and that is that rates on those commodities westbound will be increased." These rates will be increased because the railways demand a greater revenue, and only in the West can they get that greater revenue. That is why that part of the Crow's Nest Pass agreement has been wiped out. Even with the agreement the West has always paid higher rates. The House of Commons refused to accept the

amendment of Hon. T. A. Crerar, providing that rates in the West should not be in excess of 10 per cent. above the corresponding rates in the East. The rejection is the measure of the extent to which the East was ready to exploit the West, and the practical interpretation of Premier King's unctuous promises about equalization of freight rates. The Liberal government has sacrificed the prairie west on the altar of railway dividends.

Hon. George P. Graham's remark, backed as it was by the interjection of another Liberal member, that they could still wipe out the agreement if the prairie members "go too strong," is eloquently explanatory of the delicate situation in which the western members were placed. Reports from Ottawa say the Liberals were ready with an amendment to wipe out the agreement entirely if the prairie representatives showed fight on the third reading of the bill. In the circumstances, if anything at all was to be saved, there was nothing to do but submit. That was the situation created by the policy of the King government and Liberal minds receptive to the propaganda of the railways. The fate of the Crow's Nest Pass agreement is a lesson to the prairie west. It demonstrates just what they may expect if ever they wander back to the folds of the old political parties.

Alberta Coal Rates

In Montreal, Premier Greenfield, of Alberta, announced that he had received notification from Sir Henry Thornton to the effect that because freight rates had now passed entirely into the hands of the Board of Railway Commissioners, the Canadian National Railway must withdraw from the verbal agreement made with the government of Alberta to move 25,000 tons of coal from the Drumheller district to points in Ontario, at an experimental rate of \$7.00 a ton.

Premier Greenfield explained that last year the Alberta government got a rate of \$9.00 a ton, but they were convinced that coal could be moved profitably at \$7.00 a ton. An arrangement was therefore made with the Canadian National Railway, under which \$7.00 a ton was to be paid at the point of shipment, and if it was subsequently found that the rate was too low the Dominion government agreed to make up any difference between the \$7.00 and the cost of transportation up to \$8.00 a ton, and the Alberta government undertook to make up any difference between \$8.00 and \$9.00 if the cost should run that high.

The present rate is \$11.40 a ton, and at that rate Alberta coal cannot compete in the Ontario market. It is eminently desirable that experiments of the kind agreed to by the Canadian National Railways should be made, not only in coal but in other products, in order to ensure the fullest possible economic development of the country. Railways are a public service, and provided they are guaranteed against loss it should be possible to arrange for such experiments.

The matter was brought up in the House of Commons on June 22, by Sir Henry Drayton, who stated that when he was chairman of the Board of Railway Commissioners, "emergency low rates" were time and again put into effect, with the intimation that they were not commercial but to meet an emergency. Meeting an emergency does not cover the case. What is wanted is the opportunity to test such a proposition as

that put forward by the Alberta government. In reply to Sir Henry Drayton, Hon. George P. Graham, minister of railways, said: "I think the railways will accept the coal at \$7.00 provided that the losses will be guaranteed by the other parties to the arrangement."

The announcement of Sir Henry Thornton apparently aroused all the bodies that were interested in the experiment, and as a consequence a conference was held in Toronto, last Friday, following which Hon. G. S. Henry, acting premier of Ontario, announced that Sir Henry Thornton had agreed to carry for the Ontario government 25,000 tons of Alberta coal on the terms and conditions previously agreed upon. He added that Sir Henry "has been recently fearful that this 25,000 ton shipment of Alberta coal would prejudice his case on freight rates before the railway board." In other words he is fearful of the results of demonstrating that the Canadian National Railway can carry coal from Alberta to Ontario at rates considerably below the prevailing rate. He has probably in mind the use made in the House of Commons recently of the fact that grain could be carried over the National Transcontinental at lower rates than over other lines, but that the Board of Railway Commissioners refused to accept the fact as a good reason for reducing the rate. That question, however, can be faced when it arises; the main thing is to discover at what rate this Alberta coal can be profitably moved.

Nova Scotia Elections

After enjoying office continuously for 43 years, the Liberal party in Nova Scotia suffered a crushing defeat in the provincial election last Thursday. The standing of the parties at dissolution was: Liberals, 28; Conservatives, 2; Progressives, 7; Labor, 4.

There were two vacancies in the House. As the result of the election the Conservatives will have 40 seats in the new House, the Liberals securing the other three.

There were 41 Liberals, 43 Conservatives and 9 Labor candidates nominated. The Progressives as a party dropped out altogether, but it is significant of the temper of the electorate that while the leader of the Progressives in the last legislature ran as a Conservative and was elected, one other of the Progressives ran as a Labor candidate and was defeated. It is also significant that even with the province torn and worn by a terrible labor conflict, not one of the Labor candidates was returned, although a Labor representative in the last legislature who stood as a Conservative was elected.

At the preceding provincial election in 1920, the Liberals captured a majority of the seats, albeit they were in a substantial minority on the popular vote. They won because of an election system which permits of such freakish results. This time the voters had apparently made up their minds to make good and sure there was a change, but it is not so easy to discover what they expected from a change. Some time ago a non-partisan movement began in the province for the removal of certain grievances, which, it was claimed, were the result of federal policies since Confederation. Premier Armstrong appears to have seen in this movement something that could be used to restore the failing confidence in the Liberal party. Anyway he annexed it, so to speak, and came out strongly for the right of Nova Scotia to have a tariff of her own so as to enable her to do business with the outside world instead of being economically starved by dependence on Ontario and Quebec.

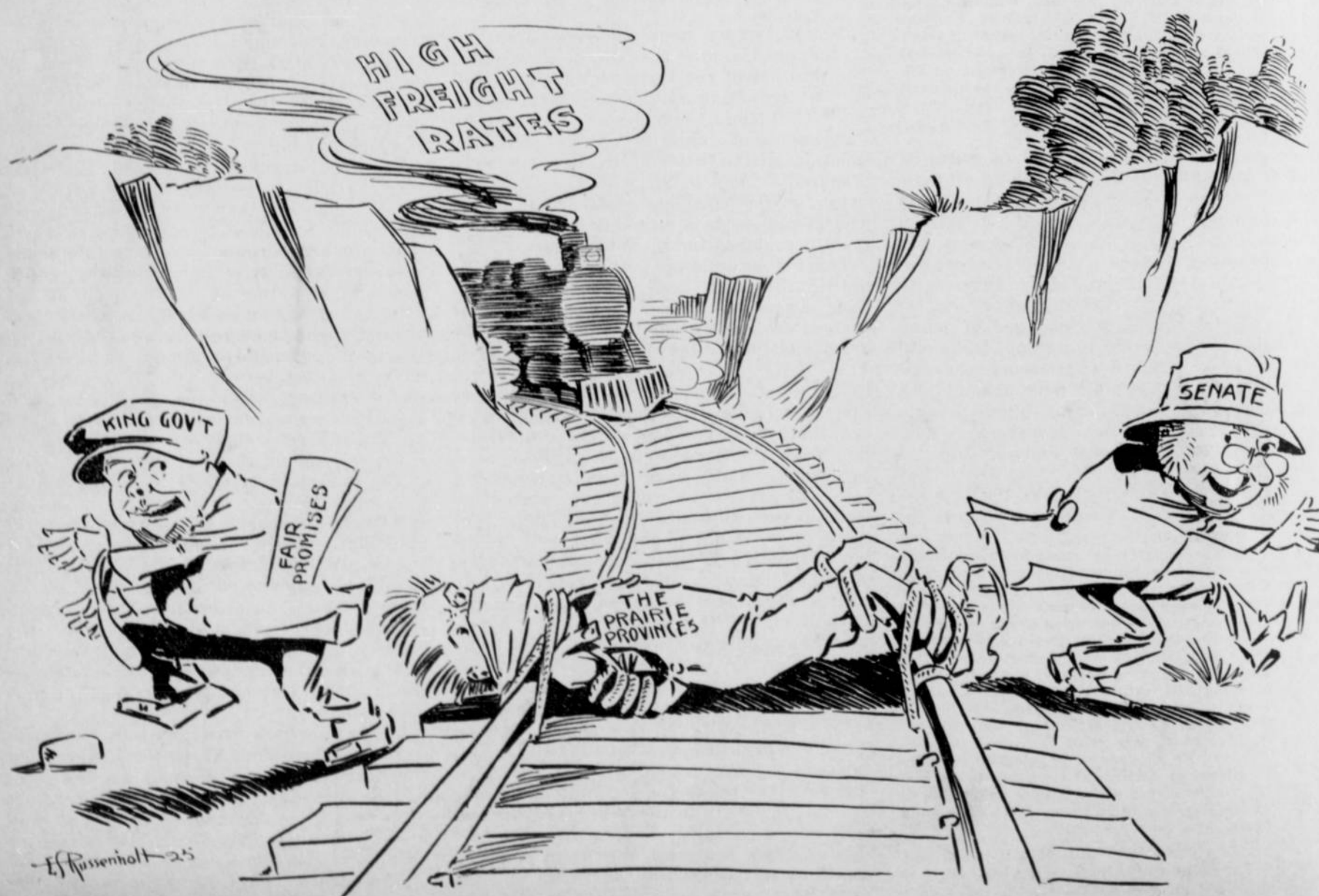
At first the Conservatives flirted with the same idea, but when the Liberals made it

the corner-stone of their platform, the Conservatives put it behind them and concentrated on the incompetence and weakness of the government.

Then, of course, there was "Besco,"—the British Empire Steel Corporation—whose fight with their employees, lasting now for three months, has been good neither for the province nor the Dominion. There is a strong opinion in the province that the Liberal government has bent too much before the corporation, that, in fact, it has been in some way tied to it, and that consequently there could be no settlement of the strike until a new and more determined government took the matter in hand. That was probably the strongest single factor in the election.

The result will not be pleasant to the government at Ottawa. It was freely rumored that if the Liberals were successful in Nova Scotia the King government would go to the country in October. That is now likely to remain a rumor. The Conservatives are doubtless elated at the result, but as prominent Conservatives have identified themselves with the demand for Nova Scotia's rights, which include tariff adjustments which will increase the province's foreign trading, it is difficult to see how the result can be interpreted as approval of the tariff-as-high-as-Haman's-gallows policy of the federal Conservative party.

The North Atlantic Shipping combine now says that it isn't true they shot up the rates on cattle from \$20 to \$25. Well, it's true they took shipments at \$25 for both June and July, and if that was only a try-out to see if the cattle shippers would stand the raise, it would be quite interesting to know if the combine made any refund of the extra \$5.00. Will the spokesman for the combine oblige?



THE VICTIM.

HOT WEATHER HOUSEKEEPING

Ways of simplifying work in the shortest, yet busiest season

By DORIS M. ST. RUTH

JULY and August—vacation time, berry time, ninety in the shade, the children home for the holidays, house-guests, picnics and outings—and the business of housekeeping must go on just the same. What can the busy house-mother do to simplify her summer housekeeping so that she, too, may have time to enjoy this all-too-short summer season?

Of course long before the hot weather begins she will have looked well to her doors and windows, seeing that the windows can be raised and lowered easily and that each is provided with a graduated window stick. Lower the blinds and almost close the windows during the heat of the day, then toward evening doors and windows may be opened and the resulting air currents will do much to lower the temperature of the house and keep it fresh, and smelling of the garden. Fly screens and door clasps need to be in

perfect repair; and little dishes of coal oil placed on the window ledges, half way up, will attract and destroy any luckless flies and miller-moths which do happen to find their way in. Be on the watch for the clusters of moth's eggs which even in the best regulated households may sometimes be found on window draperies and clothing hung against a wall. If the clusters of eggs can not easily be removed, they may be saturated with coal oil and thus prevent from hatching.

The house may be prepared for the summer season by putting away all unnecessary articles. Carpets, over curtains, draperies and all cushions which are not substantial enough to endure the daily wear and tear, dust-collecting brie-a-brac, and books which are not going to be read, may for the time be relegated to a store room. Dark, heavy draperies and upholstery actually do increase the heat, and slip-covers and cushions of gay colored cretonne, chintz or printed linen both look and feel cooler. Some of the pictures may even be removed from the walls and the feeling of added spaciousness will be found very restful. Probably the boys of the family—and the girls too—will want to sleep outside in tent, porch, field, granary or even under the open sky (mosquitos permitting); this will leave more space in the house, and of course the campers always look after their own beds and bedding.

Simplified Clothing

The clothes closets may be cleared out by packing away the winter garments which are not likely to be needed for several months. And speaking of clothing and the laundering thereof, let us be glad that so few under garments are worn today. When planning the summer wardrobe one is well advised to include some underclothing of cotton crepe which does not need to be ironed. House dresses and children's garments, too, may be of crepe, and the simple kimona styles are a boon to the home laundress. Ratine for sports wear is easily done up, and for more dress-up occasions the silk and cotton crepes which do not crush, and the dark printed silks, save much pressing and cleaning. Of course for berry picking, gardening and many outing occasions, "breeks" will be the right and proper thing.

If the summer season brings the younger members of the family home to visit, and perhaps their friends with them, it may be wise to make out a regular schedule, dividing the inevitable household duties among them. The rather mechanical routine tasks of dishwashing, dusting, preparing vegetables, ironing, bedroom work, etc., can be performed by the young folks who

will not mind working as long as they can talk too; this will leave the house-mother free to do the managing and attend to the more complicated and interesting duties. Even so, divide and plan the work as she may, she will often find more work to do than she has time and strength to accomplish.

If this should be the case, the housekeeper will do well to determine that no matter what tasks go undone, she will have a rest period each day, or better still, a rest period after lunch and one after the evening meal. After all, the house-mother, if she would not wear herself out and make the season with its guests and outings, a burden, must attain sufficient poise to be able to look a speck of dust in the face with a reasonable degree of calm. One can pay too

highly in health and happiness for an absolutely immaculate house.

Some days the homemaker will feel that she is a prisoner when the whole outdoors is calling to her. That is a good time to let the family dine out-of-doors, on the porch, on the lawn, or in the backyard. Every family should have its "billy-can" or picnic kettle, the blacker the better, and the young folks will be keen to show their knowledge of woodcraft and camp cookery. A very simple meal becomes something of a feast when served in an unusual way. By the way, do not forget to order a liberal supply of paper napkins, plates and drinking cups, and even a few paper table cloths.

Inevitable Three Meals

And what of the inevitable three meals a day? Is it possible to simplify the cooking and still retain the respect and good-will of our families? Is it not strange that folks who, at the summer camp, will live happily on the plainest food served in the plainest possible manner, will, as soon as they get under a permanent roof, expect someone to spend hours in a hot kitchen in order to prepare their meals? Perhaps after all, our families would not resent a change so deeply as we fear, and unquestionably, they would be in better health on a diet suited to the season. Meat once a day is enough at any season of the year; vegetables of all kinds, both cooked and fresh should be used lavishly and salads are easily prepared and especially suited to the season. Berries are designed to be eaten fresh with cream and sugar, rather than made into pie. Plan to do a good deal of cooking once or twice a week, serving a hot meal at noon, if hot meals there must be, so that the house may be cool in the afternoon and evening. Junket requires almost no heat to prepare, and is a delicious dessert if chilled. Biscuits may be mixed to the consistency of a stiff batter and dropped from a spoon, thus saving much time, or if it is not desired to heat the oven at all, scones may be baked on the top of the stove. As for boiled icing on cakes, the recipe may well be lost for the summer. Angel cake is particularly suited to this season when eggs are cheap, as it is cooked in a very slow oven and need not be iced. However, if cake and icing are really inseparable in your family, it is a good plan to prepare a quantity of fondant and keep it on hand in a covered crock. It may be melted over hot water and flavored as desired.

An oil stove will be a great boon now, if only because it can be depended upon for a quick hot flame when needed, and turned out immediately when not required. A well cared for oil stove is a much pleasanter companion in hot

Continued on Page 15

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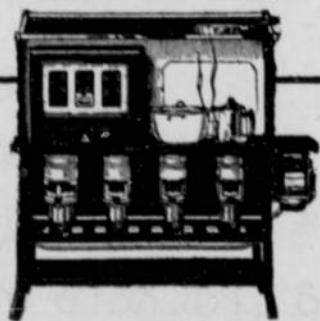
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WHEN MOTHER CUTS UP

Best kinds of knives—Points in buying

By MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

NEVER a day goes by without mother cutting up a good many things—she prepares vegetables, peels apples, cuts up raisins, slices meats, chops onions, shreds cabbage, carves chickens, stones prunes and does many other things with knives of various kinds. Unfortunately she often is handicapped by insufficient tools. While it is a nuisance to have too many implements around the kitchen, work takes longer if there is a shortage. Armed with just enough weapons of the right sort the preparation of meals is speeded up considerably. In buying knives for the kitchen it is not economical to select the cheapest, simply because the lower grades are as a rule poorly constructed and soon lose their keen edge. In order to secure a good blade and a serviceable handle it is absolutely necessary to pay a fair price.

Blade is Important

First of all consider the blade. Find out from the dealer whether it is good steel, well tempered and properly ground. The grind may be "oval" or it may be "flat." The former is the old style and is less satisfactory than the latter, so don't choose an oval grind. The only blade worth buying is one which will cut all the way from the base to the point. Then comes the handle. Make sure that it is comfortable and easy to hold so that the hand will not become tired and cramped. Smooth round handles are usually the best provided they are neither too large or too small to be grasped comfortably. This type as a rule is seamless, which is an advantage both from the standpoint of "feel" and of cleanliness. However, in the most durable kinds the blade extends right to the end of the handle and is rivetted firmly in place. In most round-handled knives the blade is driven into various depths and is cemented. Unless this is well done, the knife may come apart or bend after a time.

Balance is another important feature about cutlery. Clumsy tools are a trial because they fall off table or bowl at the least provocation and tire the hands easily. All lighter knives, if placed on the finger tip, should sway back and forth like scales but if they fall heavily to one side or the other the balance is poor and the tools will be difficult to work with. Of course the heavier butcher knives have thicker blades that cause them to over-balance the handles.

If at all possible, purchase stainless blades—they are worth the money over and over again in the cleaning saved. Of course there are various qualities in stainless steel so purchase a good grade. Some people imagine that it cannot be sharpened or that if sharpened it will rust, but neither idea is correct, because the keenness of the edge can be restored by usual methods and the blades never rust. Special sharpeners that do not scratch this kind of steel can be secured for quite a small sum. If you are purchasing a steel, select the smoothest, because rough whetstones eventually spoil the temper of knives. Above all, do sharpen your tools properly. Grasp the steel in the left

hand, hold the knife in the other at a slight angle and commencing at the top of the steel draw the blade down from the base to the point, using a semi-circular motion. Keep the wrist flexible and make the stroke first on top and then underneath the steel. Never draw the blade from the bottom

of the steel to the top if you want to make a good job of sharpening.

Large Variety of Tools

When it comes to selecting cutlery there's a wonderful range from which to choose. Paring knives, for instance, come in various shapes but to be efficient they should be about three inches long since only a very small surface is used in paring. A good point is necessary in order to remove eyes and bad spots without waste. It is a matter of economy to have at least two or three at hand. A paring knife is not only good for peeling potatoes, but also



for stringing beans, scraping root vegetables, removing seeds from raisins and for many other kitchen jobs. A French knife, about eight inches long and one and three-eighths inches at the base, tapering to a sharp point at the end, is a real stand-by. Among other things this tool is excellent for chopping nuts, parsley or hard-cooked eggs. Hold the point securely on the board with the left hand and work the handle up and down with the other, swinging it from side to side until the food is finely chopped. When using only a small quantity of food this saves washing the food chopper.

Have you ever possessed a spatula? If not, don't delay in getting one because its flexible blade scrapes mixing bowls and bakes boards rapidly and effectively. It is also fine for creaming butter or cheese for sandwiches and for working fondant. More than that, it is splendid for icing cakes, large or small, and for loosening muffins after coming out of the oven. The narrow spatula is made in more than one size, but perhaps the most useful is eight inches long by an inch wide. Its cousin, the broad spatula, is just the thing for lifting cookies and tea biscuits from hot pans, for moving a meat loaf or cake or for turning pancakes. A long flexible blade 10 inches or more in length is the best cold meat slicer and is also fine for cutting cake baked in sheets. Hot meats, on account of being soft, require a firm knife, as well as a pointed end for cutting around bones and severing joints. A bread



knife should have a straight, fluted or saw edge with a sharp point, the latter being the least popular on account of the crumbs it makes. A short quick sawing stroke is necessary when using this kind of knife.

No More Squirts

A blunt "case" knife and similar in shape to a table knife is very handy for levelling off measuring cups and spoons. Anyone fond of grapefruit will find the curved grapefruit knife a boon, especially when the blade is stainless. With an implement of this kind the pulp is quickly freed from the tough sections and the fruit can be eaten without the juice squirting or spraying your clothes. Even if you don't have grapefruit often, the knife is very handy for scooping out potatoes from their shells after baking, prior to mashing or creaming. A convenient thing to have in the house is a small cleaver or heavy knife for breaking up bones for soup.

A blow from it divides a shin bone in short order. Be sure to have a good pair of scissors kept only for food preparation. They are splendid for cutting up lettuce, parsley, raisins, dates and other things.

When once you have purchased knives do take care of them. To throw them carelessly



Continued on Page 25

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IMPRESSIONS OF CONFERENCE

By Mrs. R. B. GUNN

In May, there was held in the city of Washington, a gathering of women from 42 countries of the world. The event was the sixth quinquennial conference of the International Council of Women. There were 250 delegates present, who represented over 38,000,000 women. There were two representatives of Canadian farm women at that meeting, Mrs. R. B. Gunn, of New Lindsay, Alberta, president of the Women's Section of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, and president of the U.F.W.A., and Mrs. J. S. Amos, president of the U.F.W.O. Mrs. Gunn very kindly consented to tell Guide readers a little about her impressions of the conference.

It was an interesting experience for one whose experience with conventions have been practically confined to those of her own province to be permitted to attend the sessions of the sixth conference of the International Council of Women. Naturally, then, my observations, comparisons, and deductions are those of a farm woman who for the past ten years has taken an active interest in the work of a provincial organization.

Possibly because we are such busy women we learn of necessity to organize conventions and carry out programs with efficiency and precision. The lack of these was a disturbing factor in the sessions of the council. The use of three official languages, English, French and German, added to the difficulty. It was not surprising, therefore, that the delegates were inattentive and constantly coming and going. Confusing too was the arrangement whereby business sessions were being constantly interfered with on account of social functions. Without doubt many foreign delegates as well as ones from various States would be desirous of participating to some degree at least in the social life of Washington. For those who wished to do so, would not a day or two before or a day or two after the business of the conference served as well.

Discussions Disappointing

The discussions of the various sessions were decidedly disappointing. Take, for example, the discussion relative to international peace and disarmament. Here surely I expected to find flaming spirits whose eloquence would awaken a response on the part of all those present; but instead there was a dreary lack of inspiration, interest, and understanding. After several countries had announced their intention of not voting the resolution so passed was "carried unanimously." The one exception in this discussion was the contribution of Mrs. Corbett Ashby, an Englishwoman, not a delegate, but president of the International Suffrage Alliance. In clear ringing tones, which commanded attention and which could easily be heard at the rear of the auditorium, she pointed out the utter futility of preparing for war to ensure peace, and concluded, "we know that if you prepare for war you will get war."

Wednesday evening the subject of war and peace was presented in the form of a pageant by the people of Washington. Part one depicted a world ruled by war. Seated on top of the world, war ruled triumphant, with death and famine by its side. There were the furies of war, the wraiths of grief and despair, and the actual conflict of battle. The pity of the Red Cross workers, the wail of little children, the tears of the war mothers, the tragic march of the war fathers mingled with the desolation of commerce, art, and industry, as they joined in a great universal cry for peace. But war towered above them ready to strike again.

Part two indicated peace enthroned in a sunlit world. Gone were war, death and famine, and the nations rejoiced. In their places were the joyful songs of little children, the happy

dance of garlanded girls, motherhood serene, and industry, art and commerce flourishing. When the distant sound of war was heard again the people flocked to peace to save them, and peace calling forth love drove out jealousy, revenge, greed, and ambition and with love permeating the minds and spirits of the nations peace ruled the world.

A Better Understanding

This pageant indicated in a splendid way the spirit of the American people towards peace. And as I, who had never known war, watched the face of a little dark woman from Central Europe, who had known little else, I thought that this silent drama had drawn our hearts together as no words of the afternoon could ever do. And I realized as I had never done before that the most powerful things in the world are those of the spirit.

I understood before leaving home that one of the questions on the agenda dealt with the principle of community of interest as between husband and wife in regard to the holding of property. This principle was endorsed by the U.F.W.A., and last March through the medium of the Women's Section of the Canadian Council of Agriculture was referred to the other provincial associations for discussion. At the last session of the legislature of Alberta, the Hon. Irene Parlby, at the request of the U.F.W.A., introduced a Community Property Act, in order to bring the question before the public for thought and discussion. At Washington, Mrs. Parlby and myself had the privilege of discussing the Swedish Marriage Act, which embodies the same principle, with a Swedish lawyer and her sister. The discussions on this question alone, with women so conversant with their act and so well informed as to the way in which it works out in practice were of inestimable value.

I was interested too in the Danish delegates, because I felt we should have much in common. But I was not able to get from them any further information than what is obtainable from books. I felt that while they were proud of the fact that Denmark should be known as a Co-operative Commonwealth, yet they did not seem to have that keen and vital interest in agriculture which is so apparent on the part of our farm women. If these delegates had anything to do with farm products it was not with them a primary question but merely the marketing of a small surplus from home gardens. Those who depended for a livelihood on eggs, poultry, dairy products, and farm production in general were not among those sent to represent Denmark.

In fact I did not find any with whom I came in contact who represented either labor or agriculture in any sense, nor was the work of these associations known or understood.

Machinery Too Clumsy

My impression of the conference in general was that in trying to be all things to all women, this towering international affair, supposed to represent the womanhood of 42 countries, was in reality an empty structure lacking the vital, pulsing spirit of life. An organization such as this, attempting to



Mrs. R. B. Gunn

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OUR NATIVE FRUITS

Tried and tested ways of using old friends

By MARY H. GRASSICK

THE person who has a plentiful supply of wild fruit at hand is fortunate indeed. Our native fruits properly prepared are delicious and by combining flavors it is surprising the number of jams, jellies and preserves we can have. Almost our earliest fruit is the saskatoon. These berries can be cooked in an open vessel or canned by the cold-pack method. The latter way is of course much the nicer. Often when cooked in the kettle the berries are hard. To avoid this, after washing put them in the kettle with a little water and steam until tender, then add the sugar and boil for 10 minutes before bottling them. Although a sweet berry they require a good deal of sugar to be really nice, about three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit is what is needed. A little rhubarb put through the food chopper and cooked with the berries is liked by many.

In cooking by the cold pack method, fill the sterilized sealers two-thirds full of the berries and fill with a heavy syrup. Place tops on and screw not quite tightly. Process for 16 minutes after the water boils. Then take out and seal.

Fresh Pie in Winter

Yes, you can have a pie you can scarcely discern from those freshly picked. Wash the saskatoons carefully and fill sterilized sealers full of them, fill to overflowing with boiling water. Screw tops on lightly and proceed as for canning by the cold pack method, boiling them 30 minutes. When opened in winter they are like fresh berries.

Saskatoon or Blueberry Jam

8 lbs. berries 4 lbs. rhubarb
9 lbs. white sugar

Cut rhubarb very fine and boil in a little water until tender. Put the berries through the food chopper, mix together and add the sugar. Boil until it is the desired consistency. This makes a very nice spread for bread and butter or filling to be cooked in tart shells.

Saskatoon Vinegar

Wash and mash the berries, place in a crock or enamel vessel and cover with a weak vinegar (half white wine vinegar and half water). Let stand over night. The next day place on the stove and let it slowly come to a boil, strain through a jelly bag, add one pound granulated sugar to each pint of juice, boil together 10 minutes and bottle. Two tablespoons of this to a glass of water makes a very refreshing drink.

Wild Plums

The wild plum is rich in pectin and so makes a nice jelly. Wash and cover the plums with cold water. Set on the stove and cook until very soft. Put into a jelly bag and let the juice drain off. Boil the juice 10 minutes, then add sugar in the proportion of one pound sugar to one pint of juice. Boil

10 minutes longer and pour into jelly tumblers to cool. This makes a very nice accompaniment to cold roast beef or any of the dark meats.

Before preserving plums wash and cover with boiling water. Add a heaping tablespoon of baking soda to each pail of plums and let boil until the plums begin to break. Then pour off this water and wash the plums in clear cold water. This frees the skins of the astringent taste so many of the wild plums have. They can then be treated the same as blueberries, either cooked in jars or in an open kettle, but the plums require longer cooking, they need 25 minutes boiling when cooked in jars.

The plums make a very nice marmalade. After they have been treated with the soda, cover them with water and cook until very tender. Press through a colander and boil the pulp 25 minutes, then add sugar in the proportion of three-quarters or one pound to each pound of pulp. Boil 10 minutes longer and bottle.

Nice Summer Drink

A very nice syrup can be made from the much despised choke-cherry. Wash the cherries, cover well with water and let boil until thoroughly cooked. Let stand until cold, then pour all into a jelly bag and let drain, do not press any of the pulp through. Let the juice come to a boil, add one pound of sugar to each pint of juice, boil 10 minutes, then bottle.

Combination Jelly

Cherries are so lacking in pectin that jelly cannot be made of them alone, but a very nice jelly can be made by adding cranberry juice in the proportion of one-third cranberry and two-thirds cherry. The cherry provides the flavor and the cranberry the "jell."

Choke Cherry Vinegar

Here is an exceptionally nice drink, mash the cherries thoroughly, then cover with weak vinegar (half white wine vinegar and half water). Let stand two days, stirring it each day. On the third day drain and add one cup granulated sugar for each cup of juice, let just come to a boil, settle well and bottle. Two tablespoons of this to a glass of iced water makes a splendid summer drink.

Cranberries

Cranberries may be used for either jelly or marmalade. In making jelly more than cover the berries with water. Boil until the berries are very soft, then mash them well. Drain off the juice, boil for 10 minutes, then add one pound of sugar for each pint of juice and boil five minutes longer. Pour into jelly tumblers to "jell."

In making marmalade cook berries very well, then press pulp through the colander. Boil pulp 15 minutes, then add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of pulp and cook 10 minutes longer; seal while hot.

RHUBARB IN A NEW LIGHT

Unusual ways of serving an old standby

BY July the family may have become a little tired of rhubarb stewed or made into pies, and yet the old standby is far too useful to be neglected. Its minerals, acids and vitamins are of immense value for keeping the body in repair and providing "pep." In a country such as this where many concentrated foods are eaten, people cannot afford to do without rhubarb. Here are some delicious ways of serving it:

Rhubarb Charlotte

Cut rhubarb into small pieces and place a layer in the bottom of a baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar and cover with a thin layer of fine bread crumbs dotted with pieces of butter. Repeat till the dish is full. Bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven, and serve with custard sauce. If preferred the yolks of two eggs can be used for the sauce and the whites for a meringue to be spread on top of the pudding.

Rhubarb With Rice

Cook rice in a large quantity of boiling salted water till tender. Drain (reserving the liquid for soups or sauces) and pour hot water over the rice. Drain and put into a border mould till ready to serve. Turn out, and fill the centre with stewed rhubarb to which a very little cinnamon has been added. If you have no border mould use an ordinary one or individual moulds, and when turned out surround with rhubarb.

Spicy Rhubarb

As a relish this is very nice:

1 c. vinegar	1 tsp. allspice
1 c. water	1 tsp. ground cloves
4 lbs. sugar	6 lbs. rhubarb
2 tsp. ground cin-	2 lbs. raisins
namon	

Put vinegar, water, sugar and spices into a granite or aluminum pan and simmer for 20 minutes. Be sure to take level measurements, as too much

Continued on Page 25

DAINTY SUMMER STYLES



No. 2389—Suspender Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material with 2½ yards of 40-inch contrasting.

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All patterns 15c each, stamps or coin (coin preferred).

Hot Weather Housekeeping

Continued from Page 11

weather than a wood or coal cook stove.

If one tires of the prepared cereals, which by the way are very expensive, a fireless cooker may be used and it will cook not only cereals, but dried fruits, meats and some vegetables. The commercial cooker, equipped with soap stones, can be used to prepare a variety of things, but a very satisfactory cooker can be made at home at small cost.

Any family which goes to the trouble

of putting up ice will be repaid for the trouble, as food may be cooked in quantity and kept cool on ice for several days. The junior members never consider it a hardship to turn the ice cream freezer and ices may be served frequently for dessert. And by the way, iced tea served with a slice of lemon, is a most attractive and refreshing drink for the hot weather. Ice-cold milk and butter-milk might be introduced occasionally as a substitute for the usual hot drink, and lemon syrup, for lemonade can be made in quantity and kept in hand in a cool place.

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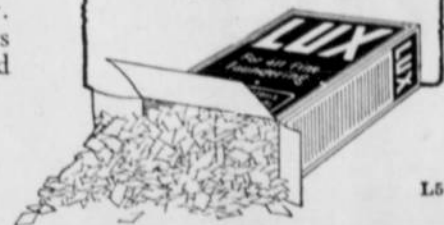
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THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

By WILLIAM MACHARG AND EDWIN BALMER
(Continued from Last Week)

What Has Happened so Far

The murder of Gabriel Warden, capitalist, railroad director, owner of mines and timber lands, while he was driving in his motor car, remained a mystery. Just previous to his death he had intimated to his wife that he might feel called upon to help a young man who had been deeply wronged by his (Warden's) friends.

Basil Santoine, the blind lawyer, famous for his work in connection with the legal cases of men powerful in the world of finance, was attacked while sleeping in a berth on a train running out of Seattle. Santoine had been travelling under the name of Dorne, and was accompanied by his daughter, Harriet, and his secretary, Avery. Eaton, a young man who refused to divulge any information regarding where he had come from, or his destination, was placed under arrest. Harriet Santoine found herself becoming interested in Eaton, who impressed her with his sincerity and honesty. Eaton was puzzled as to the relations between Harriet and Avery.

The blind lawyer recovered from the attack, but managed to keep both the attack and his return home from the public press. Eaton was taken to Santoine's house. It was to get to Santoine's house that Eaton had come from Asia, and planned and schemed how it should be accomplished. There he found his sister, Edith, working as a stenographer, under the name of Mildred Davis. She informed him that the draft he sought was either in the house or on its way to Santoine. While walking with Harriet, near the grounds of the Santoine residence, Eaton narrowly escaped being killed by a car which bore down suddenly upon them. Harriet recognized the driver as one of the men who had been on the train with them, and knew that the apparent accident was in reality an attack on Eaton's life.

Avery became resentful when he discovered that Santoine had turned over part of his correspondence to Harriet. She refused to take the papers out of the safe without her father's permission.

CHAPTER XVI

Santoine's "Eyes" Fail Him

EATON, coming down rather late the next morning, found the breakfast room empty. He chose his breakfast from the dishes on the sideboard, and while the servant set them before him and waited on him, he enquired after the members of the household. Miss Santoine, the servant said, had breakfasted some time before and was now with her father; Mr. Avery also had breakfasted; Mr. Blatchford was not yet down. As Eaton lingered over his breakfast, Miss Davis passed through the hall, accompanied by a maid. The maid admitted her into the study and closed the door; afterward, the maid remained in the hall busy with some morning duty, and her presence and that of the servant in the breakfast room made it impossible for Eaton to attempt to go to the study or to risk speaking to Miss Davis. A few minutes later, he heard Harriet Santoine descending the stairs; rising, he went out into the hall to meet her.

"I don't ask you to commit yourself for longer than today, Miss Santoine," he said, when they had exchanged greetings, "but—for today—what are the limits of my leash?"

"Mr. Avery is going to the country-club for lunch; I believe he intends to ask you if you care to go with him."

He started and looked at her in surprise. "That's rather longer extension of the leash than I expected," he replied.

He stood an instant thoughtful. Did the invitation imply merely that he was to have greater freedom now?

"Do you wish me to go?" he asked. Her glance wavered and did not meet his. "You may go if you please."

"And if I do not?"

"Mr. Blatchford will lunch with you here."

"And you?"

"Yes, I shall lunch here too, probably. This morning I am going to be busy with Miss Davis on some work for my father; what I do depends on how I get along with that."

"Thank you," Eaton acknowledged.

She turned away and went into the study, closing the door behind her. Eaton, although he had finished his breakfast, went back into the breakfast room. He did not know whether he would refuse or accept Avery's invitation; suddenly he decided. After waiting for some five minutes there over a second cup of coffee, he got up and crossed to the study door and knocked. The door was opened by Miss Davis;

looking past her, he could see Harriet Santoine seated at one of the desks.

"I beg pardon Miss Santoine," he explained his interruption, "but you did not tell me what time Mr. Avery is likely to want me to be ready to go to the country club."

"About half-past twelve, I think."

"And what time shall we be coming back?"

"Probably about five."

He thanked her and withdrew. As Miss Davis stood holding open the door, he had not looked to her, and he did not look back now as she closed the door behind him; their eyes had not met; but he understood that she had comprehended him fully. Today he would be away from the Santoine house, and away from the guards who watched him, for at least four hours, under no closer espionage than that of Avery; this offered opportunity—the first opportunity he had had—for communication between him and his friends outside the house.

He went to his room and made some slight changes in his dress; he came down then to the library, found a book and settled himself to read. Toward noon Avery looked in on him there and rather constrainedly proffered his invitation; Eaton accepted, and after Avery had gone to get ready, Eaton put away his book. Fifteen minutes later, hearing Avery's motor purring outside, Eaton went into the hall; a servant brought his coat and hat, and taking them, he went out to the motor. Avery appeared a moment later, with Harriet Santoine.

She stood looking after them as they spun down the curving drive and on to the pike outside the grounds; then she went back to the study. The digest Harriet had been working on that morning and the afternoon before was finished; Miss Davis, she found, was typewriting its last page. She dismissed Miss Davis for the day, and taking the typewritten sheets and some other papers her father had asked to have read to him, she went up to her father.

Basil Santoine was alone and awake; he was lying motionless, with the cord and electric button in his hand which served to start and stop the phonograph, with its recording cylinder, beside his bed. His mind, even in his present physical weakness, was always working, and he kept his apparatus beside him to record his directions as they occurred to him. As she entered the room, he pressed the button and started the phonograph, speaking into it; then, as he recognized his daughter's presence, the cylinder halted; he put down the cord and motioned her to seat herself beside the bed.

"What have you, Harriet?" he asked.

She sat down and glancing through the papers in her hand, gave him the subject of each; then at his direction she began to read them aloud. She read slowly, careful not to demand straining of his attention; and this slowness leaving her own mind free in part to follow other things, her thoughts followed Eaton and Avery. As she finished the third page, he interrupted her.

"Where is it you want to go, Harriet?"

"Go? Why, nowhere, father!"

"Has Avery taken Eaton to the country-club as I ordered?"

"Yes."

"I shall want you to go out there later in the afternoon; I would trust your observation more than Avery's to determine whether Eaton has been used to such surroundings. They are probably at luncheon now; will you lunch with me here, dear?"

"I'll be very glad to, father."

He reached for the house telephone and gave directions for the luncheon in his room.

"Go on until they bring it," he directed.

She read another page, then broke off suddenly.

"Has Donald asked you anything to day, father?"

"In regard to what?"

"I thought last night he seemed disturbed about my relieving him of part of his work."

"Disturbed? In what way?"

She hesitated, unable to define even to herself the impression Avery's manner had made on her. "I understood he was going to ask you to leave it still in his hands."

"He has not done so yet."

"Then probably I was mistaken."

She began to read again, and she continued now until the luncheon was served. At meal-time Basil Santoine made it a rule never to discuss topics relating to his occupation in working hours, and in his present weakness, the rule was rigidly enforced; father and daughter talked of gardening and the new developments in aviation. She read again for half an hour after luncheon, finishing the pages she had brought.

"Now you'd better go to the club," the blind man directed.

She put the reports and letters away in the safe in the room below, and going to her own apartments, she dressed carefully for the afternoon. The day was a warm, sunny, early spring day, with the ground fairly firm. She ordered her horse and trap, and leaving the groom, she drove to the country club beyond the rise of ground back from the lake. Her pleasure in the drive and the day was diminished by her errand. It made her grow uncomfortable and flush warmly as she recollected that—if Eaton's secrecy regarding himself was accounted for by the unknown injury he had suffered—she was the one sent to "spy" upon him.

As she drove down the road, she passed the scene of the attempt by the men in the motor to run Eaton down. The indefiniteness of her knowledge by whom or why the attack had been made only made it seem more terrible to her. Unquestionably, he was in constant danger of its repetition, and especially when—as today—he was outside her father's grounds. Instinctively she hurried her horse. The great white club-house stood above the gentle slope of the valley to the west; beyond it, the golf-course was spotted by a few figures of men and girls out for early-season play. And further off and to one side of the course, she saw mounted men scurrying up and down the polo field in practice. A number of people were standing watching, and a few motors and traps were halted beside the barriers. Harriet stopped at the club-house only to make certain that Avery and his guest were not there; then she drove on to the polo field.

As she approached, she recognized Avery's lithe, alert figure on one of the ponies; with a deft, quick stroke he cleared the ball from before the feet of an opponent's pony, then he looked up and nodded to her. Harriet drove up and stopped beside the barrier; people hailed her from all sides, and for a moment the practice was stopped as the players trotted over to speak to her. Then play began again, and she had opportunity to look for Eaton. Her father, she knew, had instructed Avery that Eaton was to be introduced as his guest; but Avery evidently had either carried out these instructions in a purely mechanical manner or had not wished Eaton to be with others unless he himself was by: for Harriet discovered Eaton standing off by himself. She waited till he looked toward her, then signalled him to come over. She got down, and they stood together following the play.

"You know polo?" she questioned him, as she saw the expression of appreciation in his face as a player daringly "rode-off" an antagonist and saved a "cross." She put the question without thought before she recognized that she was obeying her father's instruction.

"I understand the game somewhat," Eaton replied.

"Have you ever played?"

"It seems to deserve its reputation as the summit of sport," he replied.

He answered so easily that she could not decide whether he was evading or not; and somehow, just then, she found it impossible to put the simple question direct again.

"Good! Good, Don!" she cried enthusiastically and clapped her hands as

Avery suddenly raced before them caught the ball with a swinging, back-handed stroke and drove it directly toward his opponent's goal. Instantly whirling his mount, Avery raced away after the ball, and with another clean stroke scored a goal. Everyone about cried out in approbation.

"He's very quick and clever, isn't he?" Harriet said to Eaton.

Eaton nodded. "Yes; he's by all odds the most skillful man on the field, I should say."

The generosity of the praise impelled the girl, somehow, to qualify it. "But only two others really have played much—that man and that."

"Yes, I picked them as the experienced ones," Eaton said quietly.

"The others—two of them, at least—are out for the first time, I think."

They watched the rapid course of the ball up and down the field, the scurry and scamper of the ponies after it, then the clash of a melee again.

Two ponies went down, and their riders were flung. When they arose, one of the least experienced boys limped apologetically from the field. Avery rode to the barrier.

"I say, any of you fellows, don't you want to try it? We're just getting warmed up."

Harriet glanced at the group Avery had addressed; she knew nearly all of them—she knew too that none of them were likely to accept the invitation, and that Avery must be as well aware of that as she was. Avery, indeed, scarcely glanced at them, but looked over to Eaton and gave the challenge direct.

"Care to take a chance?"

Harriet Santoine watched her companion; a sudden flush had come to his face which vanished, as she turned, and left him almost pale; but his eyes glowed. Avery's manner in challenging him, as though he must refuse from fear of such a fall as he had just witnessed, was not enough to explain Eaton's start.

"How can I?" he returned.

"If you want to play, you can," Avery dared him. "Furden"—that was the boy who had just been hurt—"will lend you some things; his'll just about fit you; and you can have his mounts."

Harriet continued to watch Eaton; the challenge had been put so as to give him no ground for refusal but timidity.

"You don't care to?" Avery taunted him deftly.

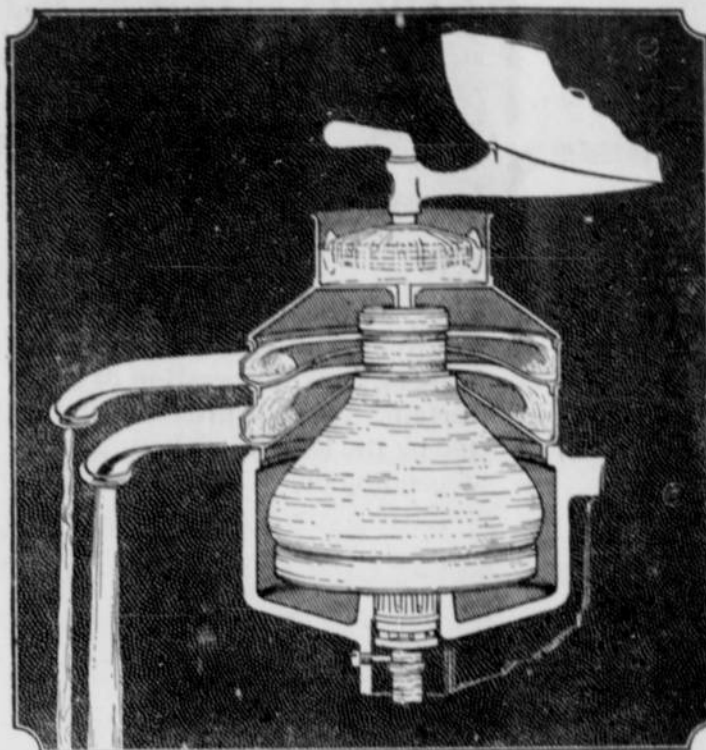
"Why don't you try it?" Harriet found herself saying to him.

He hesitated. She realized it was not timidity he was feeling; it was something deeper and stronger than that. It was fear; but so plainly it was not fear of bodily hurt that she moved instinctively toward him in sympathy. He looked swiftly at Avery, then at her, then away. He seemed to fear alike accepting or refusing to play; suddenly he made his decision.

"I'll play."

He started instantly away to the dressing-rooms; a few minutes later, when he rode on to the field, Harriet was conscious that, in some way, Eaton was playing a part as he listened to Avery's directions. Then the ball was thrown in for a scrimmage, and she felt her pulses quicken as Avery and Eaton raced side by side for the ball. Eaton might not have played polo before, but he was at home on horseback; he beat Avery to the ball but, clumsy with his mallet, he missed and over-rode; Avery stroked the ball smartly, and cleverly followed through. But the next instant, as Eaton passed her, shifting his mallet in his hand, Harriet watched him more wonderingly.

"He could have hit that ball if he'd wanted to," she declared almost audibly to herself; and the impression that Eaton was pretending to a clumsiness which was not real grew on her. Donald Avery appointed himself to oppose Eaton wherever possible, besting him in every contest for the ball; but she saw that Donald now, though he took it upon himself to show all the other players where they made their mistakes, did not offer any more instruction to Eaton. One of the players drove the ball close to the barrier directly before Harriet; Eaton and Avery raced for it, neck by neck. As before, Eaton



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by better riding gained a little; as they came up, she saw Donald's attention was not upon the ball or the play; instead, he was watching Eaton closely. And she realized suddenly that Donald had appreciated as fully as herself that Eaton's clumsiness was a pretense. It was no longer merely polo the two were playing; Donald, suspecting or perhaps even certain that Eaton knew the game, was trying to make him show it, and Eaton was watchfully avoiding this. Just in front of her, Donald, leaning forward, swept the ball from in front of Eaton's pony's feet.

For a few moments the play was all at the further edge of the field; then once more the ball crossed with a long curving shot and came hopping and rolling along the ground close to where she stood. Again Donald and Eaton raced for it.

"Stedman!" Avery called to a teammate to prepare to receive the ball after he had struck it; and he lifted his mallet to drive the ball away from in front of Eaton. But as Avery's club was coming down, Eaton, like a flash and apparently without lifting his mallet at all, caught the ball a sharp, smacking stroke. It leaped like a bullet, straight and true, toward the goal, and before Avery could turn, Eaton was after it and upon it, but he did not have to strike again; it bounded on and on between the goal-posts, while together with the applause for the stranger arose a laugh at the expense of Avery. But as Donald halted before her, Harriet saw that he was not angry or discomfited, but was smiling triumphantly to himself; and as she called in praise to Eaton when he came close again, she discovered in him only dismay at what he had done.

The practice ended, and the players rode away. She waited in the clubhouse till Avery and Eaton came up from the dressing-rooms. Donald's triumphant satisfaction seemed to have increased; Eaton was silent and preoccupied. Avery, hailed by a group of men, started away; as he did so, he saluted Eaton almost derisively. Eaton's return of the salute was openly hostile. She looked up at him keenly, trying unavailingly to determine whether more had taken place between the two men than she herself had witnessed.

"You had played polo before—and played it well," she charged. "Why did you want to pretend you hadn't?"

He made no reply. As she began to talk of other things, she discovered with surprise that his manner toward her had taken on even greater formality and constraint than it had had since his talk with her father the day before.

The afternoon was not warm enough to sit outside; in the clubhouse were gathered groups of men and girls who had come in from the golf-course or from watching the polo practice. She found herself now facing one of these groups composed of some of her own friends, who were taking tea and wafers in the recess before some windows. They motioned to her to join them, and she could not well refuse, especially as this had been a part of her father's instructions. The men rose, as she moved toward them, Eaton with her; she introduced Eaton; a chair was pushed forward for her, and two of the girls made a place for Eaton on the window-seat between them.

As they seated themselves and were served, Eaton's participation in the polo practice was the subject of conversation. She found, as she tried to talk with her nearer neighbors, that she was listening instead to this more general conversation which Eaton had joined. She saw that these people had accepted him as one of their own sort to the point of jesting with him about his "lucky" polo stroke for a beginner; his manner toward them was very different from what it had been just now to herself; he seemed at ease and unembarrassed with them. One or two of the girls appeared to have been eager—even anxious—to meet him; and she found herself oddly resenting the attitude of these girls. Her feeling was indefinite, vague; it made her flush and grow uncomfortable to recognize dimly that there was in it some sense of a proprietorship of her own in him which took alarm at seeing other girls attracted by him; but underneath it was



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her uneasiness at his new manner to herself, which hurt because she could not explain it. As the party finished their tea, she looked across to him.

"Are you ready to go, Mr. Eaton?" she asked.

"Whenever Mr. Avery is ready."

"You needn't wait for him unless you wish; I'll drive you back," she offered.

"Of course I'd prefer that, Miss Santoine."

They went out to her trap, leaving Donald to motor back alone. As soon as she had driven out of the club grounds, she let the horse take its own gait, and she turned and faced him.

"Will you tell me," she demanded, "what I have done this afternoon to make you class me among those who oppose you?"

"What have you done? Nothing, Miss Santoine."

"But you are classing me so now."

"Oh, no," he denied so unconvincingly that she felt he was only putting her off.

Harriet Santoine knew that what had attracted her friends to Eaton was their recognition of his likeness to themselves; but what had impressed her in seeing him with them was his difference. Was it some memory of his former life that seeing these people had recalled to him, which had affected his manner toward her?

Again she looked at him.

"Were you sorry to leave the club?" she asked.

"I was quite ready to leave," he answered inattentively.

"It must have been pleasant to you, though, to—to be among the sort of people again that you—you used to know. Miss Furden—she mentioned one of the girls who had seemed most interested in him, the sister of the boy whose place he had taken in the polo practice—'is considered a very attractive person, Mr. Eaton. I have heard it said that a man—any man—not to be attracted by her must be forearmed against her by thought—or memory of some other woman whom he holds dear.'"

"She seemed very pleasant," he answered automatically.

"Only pleasant? You were forearmed, then," she said.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

The mechanicalness of his answer reassured her. "I mean Mr. Eaton," she forced her tone to be light—"Miss Furden was not as attractive to you as she might have been, because there has been some other woman in your life—whose memory—or—the expectation of seeing whom again protected you."

"Has been? Oh, you mean before."

"Yes; of course," she answered hastily.

"No—none," he replied simply.

"It's rather ungallant, Miss Santoine, but I'm afraid I wasn't thinking much about Miss Furden."

She felt that his denial was the truth, for his words confirmed the impression she had had when singing with him the night before. She drove on—or rather let the horse take them on—for a few moments during which neither spoke. They had come about a bend in the road, and the great house of her father loomed ahead. A motor whizzed past them, coming from behind. It was only Avery's car on the way home; but Harriet had jumped a little in memory of the day before, and her companion's head had turned quickly toward the car. She looked up at him swiftly; his lips were set and his eyes gazed steadily ahead after Avery, and he drew a little away from her. A catch in her breath—almost an audible gasp—surprised her, and she fought a warm impulse which had all but placed her hand on his.

"Will you tell me something, Miss Santoine?" he asked suddenly.

"What?"

"I suppose, when I was with Mr. Avery this afternoon, that if I had attempted to escape, he and the chauffeur would have combined to detain me. But on the way back here—did you assume that when you took me in charge you had my parole not to try to depart?"

"No," she said. "I don't believe father depended entirely on that."

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"You mean that he has made arrangements so that if I—exceeded the directions given me, I would be picked up?"

"I don't know exactly what they are, but you may be sure that they are made if they are necessary."

"Thank you," Eaton acknowledged.

She was silent for a moment, thoughtful. "Do you mean that you have been considering this afternoon the possibilities of escape?"

"It would be only natural for me to do that, would it not?" he parried.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't mean that you might not try to exceed the limits father has set for you; you might try that, and of course you would be prevented. But you will not" (she hesitated, and when she went on she was quoting her father) "—sacrifice your position here."

"Why not?"

"Because you tried to gain it—or or if not exactly that, at least you had some object in wanting to be near father which you have not yet gained." She hesitated once more, not looking at him. Her words were unconvincing to herself; that morning, when her

father had spoken them, they had been quite convincing, but since this afternoon she was no longer sure of their truth. What it was that had happened during the afternoon she could not make out; instinctively, however, she felt that it had so altered Eaton's relations with them that now he might attempt to escape.

They had reached the front of the house, and a groom sprang to take the horse. She let Eaton help her down; as they entered the house, Avery—who had reached the house only a few moments before them—was still in the hall. And again she was startled in the meeting of the two men by Avery's triumph and the swift flare of defiance on Eaton's face.

(To be continued next week.)

The Brattoni Affair

Continued from Page 6

left him. He shrugged his shoulders in helpless resignation.

"I cannot say. Eet was as I found it in my shop."

Graham turned to the jury.

"I would call attention," he said, "to the peculiar chasing on the handle,

which to all appearance is a solid one. Observe." With a penknife he worked for a moment at the handle, it parted suddenly, the top coming off. Graham's voice ran on smoothly. "A very ingenious arrangement. You will notice how cleverly it fits in, zig-zag fashion, so that the joining is hidden in the pattern—very much as a paper-hanger will piece out a bit of wall-paper that does not quite match. It is held together by a strong spring. Evidently in trying to open it the handle had been defaced. Kindly examine it, gentlemen, you will observe a small cavity inside. It was not fashioned this way without a purpose." A tense silence held the court while the exhibit was passed from jurymen to jurymen. Finally, when they had made an end of the inspection, Graham took from the table a bundle of papers, yellowed slightly with age.

"Do you recognize these papers?" he questioned Brattoni.

"I have many papers. I do not know those."

"That will do." Graham turned again to the jury. "The court will remember," he said, "that these are the papers Detective William Hinkson

declared in his evidence to be the ones found in Brattoni's office. Gentlemen, this clipping I hold in my hand,"—he selected a newspaper cutting from the bundle—"is from the London Times, under date of two years ago, and concerns the death of a wealthy old gentleman, by the name of Cyrus Bristowe. Mr. Bristowe had, among other hobbies, that of collecting precious stones. He secured a gem of great worth—a diamond that some believed to be part of the original great Cullinan diamond. After one or two attempts at robbery of his apartments had been made—he kept his jewels in specially prepared vaults—he became obsessed with the idea that the thieves were after his favorite gem. His eccentric nature showed in the device he chose to hide it. He was also a collector of curios, and had a little dagger prepared, with a trick handle, into which the diamond fitted. At times, when the obsession was strong upon him, he actually carried the dagger—in its little sheath—secreted upon his person.

"One day, gentlemen, the old man was found murdered in a first-class compartment while he was travelling in the north of England. The dagger with its precious secret was missing.

[Continued on next page]

THE DOO DADS TINY AND THE FIRECRACKER

Not yet has Nicky Nutt, of Dooville, learned that whenever he tries to play a practical joke it is sure to come back upon himself just as the boomerang did. Perhaps he never will learn it, but he keeps on taking lessons. The latest trick he and Flannelfeet, the policeman, tried to play on Tiny, the pet elephant, worked just as most of them do—and Nicky was "it."

It was near the first of July. Hot weather—and Nicky Nutt did not like to walk in the hot sun. He wanted to hitch Tiny to his little cart, and let Tiny walk and draw him about. It was easy enough to hitch Tiny to the cart. Tiny did not mind that. But when Nicky wanted him to walk around and give him a ride, that was different. Tiny would not take a step. "Giddap! Giddap!" yelled Nicky, as he hammered away at Tiny with a stick. Tiny stood stock still, paying no attention to words or blows. "I've got an idea that'll

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make him move, Nicky," said the big policeman, as he went at a run around the corner. "Migosh!" exclaimed the perspiring Nicky, who was warmer than if he had done his own walking instead of trying to make Tiny draw him about in the cart. Presently the policeman came back. He was giggling to himself as he worked over something he carried in his hand. "There!" he exclaimed as he tossed the object on the ground under Tiny. "That'll make him jump." It was a giant firecracker, and Flannelfeet had lighted the fuse. "Ho, ho! Ha, ha!" laughed Nicky and the cop, as they thought how Tiny would jump when the big cracker should explode. Now, whenever Nicky and the policeman began to laugh, Nicky knew that trouble was ahead for him. They never made merry like that unless they expected Tiny to be the butt of some great joke. Tiny began to look around, and wonder what it meant. He saw the firecracker. Then he knew. He was only a baby elephant, but he remembered last first of July, and what a terrific noise those big, red fire crackers made. He would move. Tiny did move. All at once he started off as fast as he could go, the policeman shouting at Nicky: "See! Didn't I tell you?" And Nicky protesting: "Hey! What's your hurry?" Around the block went Tiny as fast as he could run, and back again to the very place where he had started. And this time he stopped with Nicky and the little cart right over the big firecracker with the smoking, sputtering fuse. Then Tiny looked around at Nicky and waited for what might happen. It happened. When the cracker went off Nicky was thrown high in the air, and Tiny stood there, unhurt, with a happy smile all over his broad face.



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No trace was ever found of the murderer, but it was thought that the assailant or assailants escaped safely with their prize to this side of the Atlantic. Such is the story of the origin of the dagger.

"This second paper, gentlemen, is the confession of a man about to be put to death for the murder. It tells of a quarrel among the thieves, resulting in a species of vendetta. The police records for the period show four or five mysterious deaths in almost as many months. This second paper—this confession—evidently fell into the hands of the next possessor of the weapon, probably a friend of the man who wrote it, and whom we may safely surmise to be none other than 'The Flycatcher' of whom we have heard. He, too, you will remember, was in fear of death when he lodged the weapon at Brattoni's—the secret of that fear, gentlemen, lay in the handle of this little dagger."

The hush in the courtroom was like the hush of death. In a dull, deep monotone came the rumble of distant thunder. Not a breath of air stirred, though the windows were wide open. Everything presaged the coming of a storm.

After that it was pretty well a foregone conclusion. The last strand of the web was woven—the final strand of motive. The defense fought like those who try to keep back the tide; they could not refute the statement of the prosecution that Brattoni had knowledge of the jewel, and had intended to ferret out the secret of the spring and secure the gem before sending the weapon to his customer but was called away hurriedly and an over-zealous assistant made the delivery. True, it was circumstantial, but men have been hung for less.

The jury were out less than an hour. Then the foreman, a stout, domesticated little man, who must have been thrust into this position much against his will, delivered, with lips that could scarcely do his bidding, the verdict. From where I sat I caught the one low word: "Guilty!"

The hush that followed the pronouncement was broken by a sharp crackling peal of thunder. It set all our nerves jangling. Darkness had fallen, hastened by the storm, and the dim electric light fell on an awed crowd as the judge rose to sentence the prisoner. I glanced at Brattoni, sitting tense and rigid in his numbed hopelessness.

"The sentence of the court is that you be hanged by the neck until dead. And may God have mercy on your soul!"

I think Brattoni fainted away, but of this I am not sure. A sudden vivid flash of lightning seemed to fill the whole courtroom with a blinding blue glare. The electric lights went off with a report like a pistol shot, plunging us into darkness.

And then we heard it—a great anguished cry.

"God have mercy!" As though reiterating the close of the fateful sentence it came out of the darkness—the cry of a strong man suddenly losing control of himself. It rang through the courtroom—harsh—reverberating . . . then silence—awed silence.

I think it was a woman's hysterical sobbing that broke the spell. It seemed minutes later—it could only have been a matter of seconds. A match flared up in the darkness as an attendant lit a feeble gas jet. By its ghostly gleam we saw Haversham, supporting a limp figure. I made my way forward and no one stayed my progress. Somehow I knew before I had the confirmation of my eyes that it was Graham.

On the way to the anteroom to which we half carried him Graham recovered somewhat—but what a change in the man! Wild-eyed, haggard of face, staring unseeing at us—how different from the tall, eloquent, self-assured lawyer of an hour ago. We laid him on a couch in the little room, where he lay breathing heavily, men standing around in an awed circle. But when I tried to loose his clothes he partly rose, with a fictitious strength, waving me away with his right arm as I have seen a drunken man do in refusing the help of friends.

"Keep away! Keep away, I tell you!

Don't touch me." The one hand was out as though fending off a blow; with the other he clutched—clawlike—at his breast. Presently though, by sheer force of will I fancy, he recovered himself, and spoke to us with some degree of self-possession.

"The heat—gentlemen—was—too much. Perhaps you will help me to my car, Doctor." I glanced quickly at Haversham who was at my elbow. He nodded. Together we bundled Graham into his waiting motor and insisted, despite his protests, on seeing him safely to his apartment.

"You better get to bed," Haversham told him shortly. "Maybe your old housekeeper will get the Doc, and me a bite to eat and a cup of tea. I'm done up." Graham hesitated, then nodded mechanically, had a word with the old woman who cared for his place, and left us. Haversham, following him with his eyes, shook his head gravely. We sat in silence for ten minutes or more while the old woman brewed the tea, and set some cold meat and slices of bread-and-butter before us. Water dripped in a monotonous gurgle from the eaves—the storm, now over save for a steady rain, had done little to dispel the heat. Haversham stood at the open window, hands in pockets, looking out and humming a strange little tune. I turned the leaves of a magazine I found on the table at my elbow . . . but I couldn't have told you what magazine it was. I think we were both afraid to say, and scarcely to think, what was in our minds.

Haversham was the first to speak. The woman had just brought in the pot of tea, and he turned from the open window.

"It's going to storm again," he said. I nodded. Storms often circle round our town that way; various theories have been advanced. We were halfway through our rather dismal meal when the sharp crackle of thunder came again, and the rain became torrential. Haversham got up and shut the window, then turned to me quickly.

"Listen!" he bade me. "I thought I heard a cry—" Quickly he strode to the door of Graham's bedroom, opening it without ceremony. I followed close on his heels.

I have said the day was oppressive with the heat, but Graham was huddled under a quantity of bedclothes, cowering beneath the sheets like a child afraid of the terror of night.

"What do you want?" he challenged us, ashamed I think that we should see him thus. A bright flash of lightning seemed to dance in the room, reflected from mirrors and polished furniture. He cowered again. "The curtains!" he cried. "The curtains! Pull them, you fools. Keep out that . . . lightning!"

Haversham sprang to do his bidding, while I went to the bedside but he turned deliberately away, perhaps that I might not see the terror in his face. When he looked up again the wildness in his eyes had given place to a deadly quiet. We knew then that he had fought his fight—and won.

"Got a notebook there, Haversham?" he said. "I want to make a deposition."

In case my mind needs refreshing I have before me a copy of the verbatim report of Graham's words, transcribed from Haversham's shorthand notes.

Continued on Page 27

Library Temporarily Closed

The work of the Department of Extension, University of Alberta, has increased so much during the past two years, that it has become necessary to provide more space both for staff and for equipment.

To provide this extra space certain rather extensive alterations will have to be made in the building now occupied by the department, and while these are being made it will be necessary to close the library.

During the period June 26 to August 4, therefore, no travelling libraries and no books from the Open Shelf will be sent out. Borrowers who wish to have books during that period should have their requests in the hands of the librarian not later than June 25. All books due to be returned during that period should also, if possible, be sent in by that date or have an extension of time granted until August 4.

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The Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Manitoba



Don't forget to look through the Farmers' Market Place

The Top of the World

Continued from Page 7

in the number of meat animals produced. And when the time comes that meat production falls short of demand, attention will be focused upon the grazing lands of the north.

The reindeer belongs to the same family as the caribou; one is domestic and the other wild. In northern Europe and Asia reindeer have supported the populations of large areas since before the dawn of history. But it was not till about 30 years ago that reindeer raising was undertaken in North America.

The first reindeer were imported into Alaska from Siberia—in all some 1,200 head. They have now increased to over 400,000 head, and the reindeer industry of Alaska promises soon to exceed in extent and importance any other in that territory.

A few years ago, at the instance of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, a Royal Commission, headed by the late Dr. Rutherford, went into the matter very thoroughly with respect to Canada, and arrived at the conclusion that reindeer raising in the far north was entirely practicable and advisable. Certain recommendations were made with a view to having the industry started; but the report seems to have found lodgment in that capacious pigeon-hole specially reserved for projects concerning the development of the Canadian northland.

These "barren lands" are not only valuable because of their pasturage possibilities, but many valuable minerals are to be found at widely separated points throughout the entire area, and in the Coppermine region, particularly, extensive outcrops of copper have been found over such an area as to justify the belief that one of the most important copper deposits in the world will one day be uncovered there. Also there are extensive and widely-distributed deposits of coal in arctic and sub-arctic Canada, and on the islands of the Arctic Archipelago. Oil indications are both widespread and promising.

South of the arctic regions, proper, but still well north of the range of settlement, lies the vast Laurentian plateau, extending over more than half of Canada, a region in which evidences of nearly every known mineral have been found. There seems little reason to doubt that it will produce one of the great mineral fields of the world, if not the greatest.

These are a few of the resources of Canada's great northland. For many years one of the favorite topics of orators has been the "wonderful resources of Canada, and Canada's great destiny." People have got tired of mere talk.

It is true there are drawbacks and disadvantages. But there are drawbacks and disadvantages everywhere. Many people, impatient with the length of winter, and exasperated by unexpected snowstorms in March, are inclined to long for the winterless southland. But the southland also has its disadvantages; and when the two are compared there are few who really know Canada, and also know the southland who would be willing to exchange the drawbacks of Canada for the disadvantages and limitations of the south.

We cannot change the forces of nature to suit our convenience. But we can change our ways so as to conform more nearly with the requirements of the land in which we live. Man originated in the tropics, and has been slowly progressing northward. He has, however, changed his manner of living with reluctance. We in Canada have yet to realize fully that we live in a northern country, a country where conditions are different from the European home of our ancestors. We are too prone to imitate. We are too fond of looking for a precedent. But if this country is ever to amount to anything it must make its own precedents.

The immense vacant spaces of this broad Dominion will not remain forever empty; the vast resources of this country will not indefinitely lie

dormant and dead. If Canada does not produce the people who can appreciate the marvellous opportunity that is theirs to share in the development of a virile race, a race which may make a lasting contribution to civilization, then they must come from elsewhere—for no mere handful of people can hold half a continent in disuse. But I am not one who doubts that Canadians are incapable of rising to the full height of their own opportunity. They must throw off their provincialism, however, and look out with a wider and a longer vision. This vista that I open up here is not of tomorrow, nor yet of the day after tomorrow, but the foundations cannot be laid too soon.

We often think of ourselves as the inheritors of a long history. But we do not so often think of ourselves as probably the ancestors of a much longer, more interesting history to come. We are all pioneers in Canada today, and the fate of the pioneer is often discouraging. But the day when East meets West across the polar sea, the day when Canada is settled from north to south as from east to west, will depend in large measure upon how we in our day and generation acquit ourselves of the task that lies before us, of the degree to which we are aware of our privileges and how we take advantage of our opportunities.

Impressions of Conference

Continued from Page 13

represent every creed, every class, every color, every nation, in order to retain harmony within its ranks must of necessity confine discussion to generalities, vague platitudes and an attitude of general benevolence. Without doubt many of the national organizations affiliated with the International Council of Women are doing splendid work, but that they are able to make their influence felt in this larger aggregation was not discernible.

I came back to Canada and to Alberta more than ever impressed with the work our men and women are doing in our organizations, and a clearer conception of the part we are playing in provincial and national life. Further, I now believe that if international conferences could be made to play a vital part that this will be accomplished not through any great massing of mere numbers, nor by spectacular efforts to embrace the brotherhood of man, but by getting together a small group of people, one or two from leaders of thought wherever they may be found, that from this quiet contact of mind with mind there might be carried back to the organizations represented a better understanding and a kindlier spirit.

My trip to Washington will long bring to mind the beautiful city with its stately homes and its wonderful public buildings; the trees, shrubs and flowers of its numerous parks and above all the kindness, friendliness and courtesy of its people. These, together with the fine personal friendships established with those I met at the conference which could have been gained in no other way, will continue to bloom in memory—fragrant December roses.

The Irishman's Reply

An Irishman was told that statistics show a child is born for every tick of the clock. Completely astounded, he replied: "Be dads, why don't they stop the clock?"

A somewhat similar case is that of Mrs. J. Bell, Willows, Sask. She prepared a message which contained a word for every hour of the day. Copies were printed in The Guide, sufficient so that it could be read by a farmer every second, and the replies received began early with a trickle which soon developed into a steady stream and then into a mighty flood until she wrote: "There must have been magic in my pen." Like the Irishman, many of those who have tried a little classified ad. have been astonished, and have said: "Stop my ad." or "I am sold out." Why not dispose of any thing you have that you would like to turn into money through this excellent marketing medium?

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

Senate and Commons at a deadlock on Home Bank depositors' bill—Rural credits legislation laid over to next session by Senate—Australian treaty and new Grain Bill passed—By H. E. M. Chisholm

OTTAWA, June 26.—At this time of writing, the fourth, and probably the last session of the present parliament is slowly dying, with prorogation definitely set for tomorrow. In the absence of His Excellency the Governor General, Chief Justice Anglin, of the Supreme Court of Canada, will deliver the farewell address to the legislators, and bid them godspeed on their way home.

The last week in parliament has been notable particularly for clashes between the upper and lower chambers, the Senate and the Commons, with respect to various bills passed by the elective body and submitted to the non-elective body for approval. Chief among these was the measure to provide relief for the Home Bank depositors to the amount of \$5,450,000, and on the basis of 35 cents on the dollar. This measure passed the Commons without division of any kind, but when it reached the Senate was materially altered both in principle and application. The bill when it passed the Commons based the disbursement of moneys on the "moral claim in equity," which the royal commission, under Mr. Justice McKeown, decided had existed because of the peculiar circumstances under which liquidation or amalgamation had not been forced many years ago.

The Senate undertook to change the whole principle of the proposed grant to a compassionate allowance, refusing to recognize a moral or a legal claim upon the government. It undertook further to reduce the amount of the grant to \$3,000,000, and to provide that while all claims under \$500 should be paid to the extent of 35 per cent., claimants for amounts in excess thereof should be called upon to substantiate actual need for recompense before a judge of the Exchequer Court.

In the course of a somewhat lengthy statement the government declined to accept the Senate amendments. It was pointed out that the upper house had no power under the constitution to amend a money bill, that the amendments made constituted a complete change in the principle of the measure, and that the Commons upheld its right to exclusively decide both the amount and the destination of a measure of this kind. The resolution embodying this amendment was opposed by only 19 members in the House, including Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, leader of the Conservative opposition.

The message of the Commons reached the Senate the next day. That body insisted upon the right to amend money bills, and by a considerable majority refused to back down on the amendments offered. Thereafter a conference was called between members of the two houses, and a compromise was reached whereby the principle on which the original bill was based has been sustained, but whereby the amount to be voted has been decreased to \$3,000,000.

At this time of writing the Commons has not decided whether it will accept the report of the conference or not.

The Grain Bill

While the new grain act was in committee of the whole a strenuous attempt was made by the bulk of the western members to restore certain clauses included in the original bill based upon the findings of Mr. Justice Turgeon, but which had been deleted, in the concluding days of the meetings of the agricultural committee. In this attempt they had little success. The House voted down everything but one clause (D), which demanded that grain passing out of a private elevator should be graded on the same average as that passing the initial point of inspection, namely Winnipeg. In other words this meant that there should be the same standard for the farmer as for the elevator. In this section is contended by Western farmer members that Mr. Justice Turgeon undoubtedly recognized the importance of maintaining unimpaired as far as possible the high quality of Canadian wheat.

The re-instatement of this provision was accepted by Hon. Charles Stewart, minister of interior, who was in charge of the bill in the absence of Hon. T. A. Low, minister of trade and commerce.

Determination of Terminal

A further important section was 151 in the Turgeon draft, dealing with the shipping of grain from country elevators to terminal points. The old act stated that the particular terminal elevators to which grain should go might be determined "if either party desired." The Turgeon bill, on the other hand, gave the farmer the right to direct his grain to any terminal elevator which he might choose, this, it is claimed, being highly important to the contract holders of the pools who desire to develop the terminal elevator end of the business. This section was opposed bitterly by the trade when it came up before the agricultural committee, and an amendment was introduced, and carried by the committee inserting a clause relieving the elevator companies of any responsibility for weight or grade in the event of a farmer directing his grain to a terminal elevator of his own choosing.

In the expressed opinion of Tom Sales, of Saltecoats, O. R. Gould, of Assiniboia, and others, no man in his senses would ship his grain through a country elevator under such conditions. In committee of the whole, therefore, Mr. Gould offered an amendment to the effect that the elevator companies should not be relieved from the guaranteeing of weight and grade in the event of grain being shipped to a point at which official weighing and grading was carried out.

This amendment was defeated by an unrecorded vote in committee, but was again introduced by George Coote, of Macleod, on the motion to give the bill third reading. The amendment was defeated by a vote of 114 to 40.

The Mixing Clause

Clause 140 developed an interesting fight. This clause deals with mixing. In the course of the debate, Tom Sales, of Saltecoats, made the following observations:

"Let me say that I am a shareholder in the company of my honorable friend from Marquette (Hon. T. A. Crerar), and have been for a good many years. In fact I was one of the earliest shareholders. We formed these farmers' companies, not to make a lot of money; we formed them to remove the abuses that existed in this trade. The great danger to these big farmers' movements is that they may lose sight of what they were formed for. This thing is wrong, and I do not think that the House should take the responsibility of putting its judgment against that of Mr. Justice Turgeon, who for eighteen months travelled this country, and who heard everything that was to be said both by the trade and by the producer, who then summed his evidence up in a report and drafted a bill at the request of the government. I warn the House against pitting its judgment against the judgment of that commission, headed as it was by one of the ablest jurists we have in the West."

To which Mr. Crerar made the following reply: "I have not reached my decision as to the course I should pursue upon this action from the point of view of any financial interest that might accrue to the company with which I am associated, or to myself personally. Indeed, I shall not benefit to the extent of one copper whether this section passes or is struck out. That is not the ground upon which I raise my objection to the amendment submitted. I rest it on the ground that it is in the interest of the producers of Western Canada that the clause stay there, and I think I know as much of what is in the interests of the producers of Western Canada as the honorable member for Saltecoats

does, and that I am just as disinterested in that position as he is."

The bill went to the Senate, which undertook, after a brief consideration of the measure, to restore it to the shape in which it left the agricultural committee, and to eliminate the amendment which Progressive members had succeeded in passing in the Commons with respect to the guaranteeing of grades and weights.

Rural Credits Legislation

In the course of the week the government brought down a bill to provide for the loan of \$10,000,000 to the provinces for rural credits, along the lines of the recommendations made in the report of Dr. Tory. Progressive members undertook to criticize the measure as inadequate, but were met with the somewhat insolent retort on the part of the government: "Take it or leave it." The bill passed the Commons, but in the Senate it was unanimously laid over for further consideration at the next session on the grounds that the members of the Upper House had not had an adequate opportunity to look into its merits.

An almost similar attitude was taken by the ministry with respect to the bill to amend the provision of the Soldiers' Settlement Act. The government in its amendments recognizes that soldier settlers are entitled to a revaluation of their obligations with respect to livestock. A very considerable number of the members of the House, however, contended that the revaluation should extend to land as well as to livestock. But they were finally forced to bow to the government's "Take it or leave it" policy, and to accept the limited application of the bill.

The Australian Treaty

In the course of the week the government's treaty with Australia passed both Houses without amendment. Progressive members opposed the treaty on the grounds, that while providing concessions to the paper manufacturers of the Dominion, and the manufacturers of automobiles and other commodities in Canada, it did so at the cost of the producer of national products who would be compelled to compete against the Commonwealth in the matter of meats, dairy products, etc. The new treaty will be operative just as soon as the governor-general, or his deputy gives the royal assent. It passed the Commons by a vote of 80 to 42. Messrs. Crerar, Johnston and McConica on the Progressive side voting with the government, and no less than 52 members not present being paired.

Summer Water Supply

We fixed up a scheme for having water in the house during the busiest months. We placed a barrel on a firm stand outside the kitchen wall and had a hole bored through the wall. A small pipe was attached to the barrel and a spigot was placed on the end inside the kitchen. The barrel which is



covered is easy for the men to fill and saves tracking into the house. Of course we do not use the water for drinking as it is usually too hot, but it is fine for other purposes.—Mrs. C. F. S.

No, Not Ten Pounds

W. G. Studham, Dugald, Man., who contributed a valuable experience article on raising poultry in The Guide issue of June 10, says that one of us has been exaggerating.

"I either made a mistake," he says, "or one was made in copying: 'Birds

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dressed from four and a half to five pounds,' instead of 'four and a half to 10 pounds.' I certainly wish I could make them tip the scales at 10. It is articles on farm conditions etc., that interests us. 'Politics' are all very well, but they do not milk or work the summerfallow. I would ask that you keep up the good work. Wishing you a continued success.—W. G. Studham.

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PRODUCE

LIVE POULTRY AND EGGS
WANTED

Hens, 6 lbs. and over, 19-20c; 5-6 lbs., 17-18c. Broilers 25-30c. Turkeys and Old Roosters—Highest Market Price. All prices f.o.b. Winnipeg, guaranteed until July 15. Cash payments. Write for crates if required.

ROYAL PRODUCE CO.

97 AIKINS STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN.

When Mother Cuts Up

Continued from Page 10

into a deep drawer is sure to blunt the edges and may result in cutting your hand when diving in to find some other utensil. Shallow drawers with partitions keep knives from becoming spoiled and allow you to locate the right one quickly. Blotting paper as a lining for the drawer protects the sharp edges of knives. Some people tack a strip of leather to the wall or cabinet and slip in the knives up to the handles while others make a similar rack of strips of wood.

The Cheerful Plowman

By J. Edw. Tufft



Uncle Gripp's Criticism

"Too dinged much style!" said Uncle Gripp, at my house yesterday. "You're hitting too blamed hard a clip! You'll break yourselves, I say!"

Well, I know Uncle Gripp so well it doesn't faze me much when he comes stumbling from his shell and scolds to beat the Dutch; but here's the rub: My Uncle Gripp has lived for eighty years with heaps of money on his hip and nothing in arrears, but through it all he and his wife have never purchased yet a thing to add a kick to life like other people get! Their house is barren as can be, devoid of pep and charm; a table, stove, an old settee with lame and broken arm, two ancient beds—that's nearly all, the least one could possess, and have a home within a wall and live at all, I guess!

Now, we're not really flying high as Uncle Gripp declares, yet we can see no reason why we should be short of chairs! We do not hit a rapid gait, a pace that crimps and cramps, yet why should we forever wait before we buy our lamps? We don't throw precious coin away as uncle thinks we do, but we are living every day as we are passing through!

A man can live too fast a clip and break himself, I know, but do not men like Uncle Gripp live just a bit too slow?

Rhubarb in a New Light

Continued from Page 14

spice will spoil the flavor. Add rhubarb cut in two-inch pieces and the raisins. Cook gently till thick and pour into hot sterilized jars. Seal.

Rhubarb Fluff

1 1/2 c. cooked rhubarb 1 tsp. salt
sugar 3 egg whites

Left-over rhubarb drained from the juice can be used for this. Press through a sieve and add salt. It should be a little sweeter than usual so add more sugar. Beat whites till stiff and fold them into the hot pulp. Grease a baking dish and pour mixture into it. Set in hot water and bake in a very moderate oven till set. Serve with custard sauce made from the egg yolks or with whipped cream.

Rhubarb Shortcakes

Make a baking powder biscuit dough according to your favorite recipe and bake in layer cake pans, either round or square. Split in two, butter and spread with rhubarb stewed and spiced. Cut the fruit in inch pieces and cook till tender. Do not allow it to become mushy. Add one cup of sugar for every two cups rhubarb. A little cinnamon is a nice addition. Put rhubarb on top of the shortcake and garnish with whipped cream.

Rhubarb Freeze

2 T. granulated gel- 2 c. sugar
atin juice 2 lemons
1/2 c. cold water juice 1 orange
4 c. rhubarb pulp

Soften gelatin in cold water. Press cooked rhubarb through a sieve, heat, add sugar and stir till dissolved. Add gelatin and dissolve. Put in fruit juices. Cool and freeze. The orange juice may be omitted if desired.

Rhubarb Puffs

1/2 c. butter 1 c. flour
1/2 c. sugar 2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 c. milk 1/2 tsp. salt
2 egg whites

Cream butter and sugar. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, and add them to the mixture alternately with the milk. Cut up sufficient in small pieces to make three cups, add half-a-cup sugar and a quarter teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Mix these together and put an equal amount into seven or eight fireproof custard cups. Over the fruit pour the batter. Steam or bake for 25 to 30 minutes.

Women's Clubs Activities

\$40 — in Prizes for Letters — \$40

Each year both men's and women's organizations are accomplishing remarkably interesting and worthwhile things in the way of study, social times and community projects. Too many local societies are over modest and hide the light of their good work under a bushel. They do not realize that a recital of what they have done might prove inspirational to others who have never been seized with the inspiration to do things or who have let themselves become discouraged with the monotony and routine of everyday living.

The Guide is offering prizes for the best letters telling something about club activities. Those listed this week will make a special appeal to women. The date of the closing of the contest has been extended to August 25. Come along now and tell us of some of the good things you have done through a local organization. For the best letters on the following subjects we will pay \$5.00, for the second, \$3.00 and for the third, \$2.00.

1. The Best History of a Women's Club—The story of what has been actually done. Make it as brief as possible.

2. The Best Piece of Work Our Club Has Done—What is the individual achievement that stands out in the work of your local organization?

3. What a Women's Club Has Meant to Me—What has it meant to you in the way of friendship, social contact with other women, intellectual enjoyment and practical benefit in everyday living?

4. How we Secured a Library in Our Community—How did you interest the people of your neighborhood in good reading and then how did you set about seeing that there was a good supply of books available for them?

All letters should be addressed to the Women's Department, The Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg.

NABOB

VACUUM PACKED
COFFEE

FRESH from the roaster
no matter where you buy it.

KELLY, DOUGLAS & CO. LTD.



The Farmers' Market

Office of the United Grain Growers Limited, Winnipeg, Man., June 26, 1925.

WHEAT—All markets have been affected, more or less, by weather reports and the effect on the growing crops. Continued rains throughout the West have caused apprehension, and reports of damage by root rot in some sections, but it is generally conceded that the Canadian crop has wonderful prospects, and buyers have not been active. In fact, trade has been light throughout. Exporters report sales of small lots of wheat from day to day, and terminal stocks do not show any appreciable shrinkage. The market is a weather market throughout, and consists largely of buying in this market and selling in others as the price fluctuates. British markets report trade as dull, with European conditions very favorable.

OATS—Steady export trade, but of small proportions. Offerings from the country fairly liberal and a good merchandising trade generally going on. Top grade oats are scarce and command a fat premium over the lower grades owing to sales having been made largely in these higher grades. July 2 will see considerable One Feed oats delivered against the July contract at the contract spread of five cents under July.

BARLEY—Little trade, but a good demand for all grades. Lower grades relatively in better demand but unobtainable in large quantities. Barley is very firm and any little setback in the market sees fair export buying.

FLAX—Very weak market indeed, with price sagging daily. Crushers taking little flax and cleaning up of belated offerings creating a heavy tone. July future looks like selling down to an October delivery basis.

Cash Prices at Fort William and Port Arthur June 22 to June 27, inclusive

Date	2 CW	3 CW	OATS Ex Fd	1 Fd	2 Fd	3 CW	4 CW	Rej.	Fd	1 NW	2 CW	3 CW	2 CW
June 22	63½	57½	55½	51½	48½	88½	86½	81½	80½	231½	227½	217½	103½
23	64½	57½	55½	51½	49	89½	86½	81½	80½	231½	227½	217½	104½
24	64½	58½	56½	52½	50	89½	86½	82½	81½	231½	227½	217½	103½
25	65½	57½	55½	51½	49½	88½	85½	81½	80½	228½	224½	213½	101½
26	65½	58½	55½	51½	49½	88½	86½	81½	80½	226½	222½	212½	100½
27	65½	58½	55½	51½	49½	88½	86½	81½	80½	225½	221½	210½	98½
Week Ago	64½	58½	56½	51½	49½	88½	85½	80½	79½	232½	228½	218½	106½
Year Ago	42½	41½	41½	38½	38½	69½	67½	64½	63½	219½	215½	199½	76½

WINNIPEG FUTURES

June 22 to June 27, inclusive.	22	23	24	25	26	27	Week Ago	Year Ago
Wheat—								
July 163½	167	165½	164½	164½	162½	164½	164½	119½
Oct. 129	142	140½	137½	138½	135½	140½	140½	114½
Oats—								
July 56½	57½	57½	57½	56½	56½	57½	57½	41½
Oct. 48½	48½	48½	48½	48½	48½	47½	49½	40½
Barley—								
July 89½	89½	89½	88½	89½	89½	88½	88½	65½
Oct. 75½	76½	76½	76½	76½	75½	75½	75½	60½
Flax—								
July 232½	232½	232½	228½	227½	225½	233½	218½	
Oct. 220	220	221½	222½	222½	220	220½	188½	
Rye—								
July 104	105	104½	101½	101½	98½	106½	74½	
Oct. 104	105½	105½	102½	103½	99½	106½	74½	

CASH WHEAT

June 22 to June 27, inclusive.

June	22	23	24	25	26	27	Week Ago	Year Ago
1 N	163½	167	165½	165½	165½	163½	164½	119½
2 N	160½	163	162½	161½	161½	159½	161½	116½
3 N	155½	158	157½	155½	155½	154½	156½	111½
4	145½	149	147½	146½	147½	145½	145½	103½
5	124	127	125½	122½	123½	120½	125½	98½
6	107	112	110½	105½	106½	103½	108½	92½
Feed	87	92	90½	87½	88½	85½	88½	81½

LIVERPOOL PRICES

Liverpool market closed June 26 as follows: July 1d lower at 11s 4d; October 1d lower at 10s 10d per 100 pounds. Exchange, Canadian funds quoted ½c higher at \$4.84½. Worked out into bushels and Canadian currency, Liverpool close was: July, \$1.64½; October, \$1.57½.

MINNEAPOLIS CASH PRICES

Spring wheat—No. 1 dark northern, \$1.55½ to \$1.73½; No. 1 northern, \$1.54½ to \$1.59½; No. 2 dark northern, \$1.53½ to \$1.71½; No. 2 northern, \$1.52½ to \$1.57½; No. 3 dark northern, \$1.51½ to \$1.68½; No. 3 northern, \$1.50½ to \$1.54½. Winter wheat—Montana No. 1 dark hard, \$1.55½ to \$1.72½; No. 1 hard, \$1.54½ to \$1.59½; Minnesota and South Dakota No. 1 hard, \$1.51½ to \$1.54½; No. 1 hard, \$1.48½ to \$1.52½. Durum—No. 1 amber, \$1.44½ to \$1.53½; No. 1 durum, \$1.37½ to \$1.47½; No. 2 amber, \$1.41½ to \$1.52½; No. 2 durum, \$1.36½ to \$1.45½; No. 3 amber, \$1.38½ to \$1.49½; No. 3 durum, \$1.34½ to \$1.43½. Corn—No. 3 yellow, \$1.00 to \$1.01; No. 4 yellow, 97c to 98c; No. 3 mixed, 96c to 97c; No. 4 mixed, 94c to 95c. Oats—No. 2 white, 43½c to 45½c; No. 3 white, 42½c to 44½c; No. 4 white, 40½c to 41½c. Barley—Choice to fancy, 85c to 86c; medium to good, 77c to 84c; lower grades, 71c to 76c. Rye—No. 2 \$1.00½ to \$1.01½. Flax—No. 1 flaxseed, \$2.57½ to \$2.61½.

SOUTH ST. PAUL LIVESTOCK

Cattle—700. Market: In between butcher cows 25c lower, other killing classes steady. Bulk prices follow: Beef steers and yearlings, \$9.50 to \$10; cows and heifers, \$4.50 to \$8.00; canners and cutters, \$3.00 to \$3.50; bologna bulls, \$4.25 to \$4.60; feeder and stocker steers, \$5.00 to \$6.50. Calves—900. Market: Strong to 25c or more higher. Bulk of sales, \$9.50 to \$9.75. Hogs—6,500. Market: Steady to 10c higher. Top price, \$13.10. Bulk prices follow: Butcher and bacon hogs, \$12.50 to \$13.10; packing sows, \$11.75 to \$12; pigs, \$12.50. Sheep—100. Market: Lambs 25c higher, sheep steady to strong. Bulk prices follow: Fat lambs, \$13.75; fat ewes, \$4.50 to \$7.00.

CALGARY LIVESTOCK

Receipts consisted of 1,578 cattle, 270 calves, 532 hogs and 35 sheep. The cattle market was fairly active under light receipts, and prices continued fairly steady. The prices on the market are based on grass stock. Good to choice steers made from \$5.50 to \$6.85; choice light heifers made from \$5.00 to \$6.75; best cows, \$4.00 to \$5.25; medium \$3.00 to \$3.75, and canners and cutters from \$1.50 to \$2.75. Good feeders were in demand from \$3.75 to \$4.25, and stockers from \$3.50 to \$4.00. Calves were \$1.00 per cwt. weaker, with best grades making from \$5.50 to \$6.50, and common down to \$3.00. The hog market was stronger. Thick smooths opened at \$11.50, and closed at \$12.25, off cars. There was no sheep and lamb market established. Quotations were steady.

BRITISH BACON MARKET

Canadian baled bacon 108s to 112s per 112 lbs. (23½c to 24½c per lb.), boxes 106s to 110s (23c to 23½c). American 98s to 102s (21½c to 22½c). Irish 128s to 137s (27½c to 29½c). Danish 116s to 120s (25½c to 26c). The surplus of Danish bacon is well cleared and the market is now in a healthy condition. Danish killings estimated at 58,000 head.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKET

Glasgow reports the sale on Thursday of 540 Canadians; prime handweights made from 12½c to 13c per pound, live weight, heavies 12c to 12½c, plain 11½c to 12c, sixty bulls sold from 7½c to 9c. The trade was good and steady with offerings totally cleared. Scotch baby beef sold at 15c, prime made 13½c to 14c, and heavies 13½c under a normal trade. There were no Irish cattle offered and trade was fair. Birkenhead offered 650 Irish stores and 700 Irish fatts. Steers sold from 21c to 22c in sink (dressed weight, including

offal). One hundred and twenty Canadian fatts and 550 Canadian stores changed hands; stores made from 20½c to 22c, fat steers 20½c to 22c, cows 14c to 16c and bulls 13c to 14c.

At London Canadian dressed sides of useful beef brought 18c and the choicest 20c. The meat demand was very slow on account of the warm weather.

WINNIPEG LIVESTOCK

United Livestock Growers Limited, report as follows for the week ending June 26, 1925.

Receipts this week: Cattle, 3,787; hogs, 7,320; sheep, 287. Last week: Cattle, 3,549; hogs, 8,100; sheep, 160.

The run of both cattle and hogs continues quite steady, in fact remarkably so for this season of the year. The majority of cattle coming forward are grass cattle, very few good dry feds are reaching here, and values on these kind are possibly higher than they have been at any time this year. Choice handy-weight dry-fed butcher steers are bringing up to \$7.50. Top dry-fed heifers up to \$7.00 with the medium kinds at from \$5.50 to \$6.00. Fancy baby beef from \$7.00 to \$8.50, depending on quality. The calf market holds about steady with top veal calves at around \$8.00, medium to good kinds at from \$4.00 to \$6.00, common from \$3.00 to \$4.00.

The hog market continues to show a great deal of strength, Eastern buyers being exceedingly active, the result being that thick smooths at time of writing are selling at from \$12.50 to \$12.60, with a 10 per cent. premium over these prices for select hogs.

In the sheep and lamb section, prices are inclined to be a little low, top lambs making \$15, medium to good kinds \$13 to \$14.00. Butcher sheep from \$6.00 to \$8.00.

Shippers from Saskatchewan and Alberta should bring health certificates covering their cattle. This is very important.

The following summary shows the prevailing prices at present:

Choice export steers	\$7.00 to \$7.25
Prime butcher steers	7.00 to 7.50
Good to choice steers	6.00 to 6.50
Medium to good steers	5.00 to 5.50
Common steers	4.00 to 4.25
Choice feeder steers	5.00 to 5.50
Medium feeders	4.00 to 4.50
Common feeder steers	2.50 to 3.50
Good stocker steers	4.25 to 4.50
Medium stockers	3.25 to 4.00
Common stockers	2.00 to 3.00
Choice butcher heifers	6.50 to 7.00
Fair to good heifers	4.50 to 5.50
Medium heifers	3.50 to 4.50
Stock heifers	2.50 to 3.00
Choice butcher cows	4.25 to 5.00
Fair to good cows	4.00 to 4.50
Cutter cows	1.75 to 2.25
Breedy stock cows	2.00 to 2.50
Canner cows	.75 to 1.25
Choice springers	50.00 to 75.00
Common springers	25.00 to 35.00
Choice light veal calves	7.00 to 8.00
Choice heavy calves	5.00 to 5.50
Common calves	3.50 to 4.50
Heavy bull calves	2.50 to 3.50

EGGS AND POULTRY

WINNIPEG — Eggs: Market steady. Dealers are quoting delivered for this week's shipments, extras 26½c, firsts 26c, seconds 21c. Receipts light. Poultry: No business reported.

REGINA, SASKATOON AND MOOSE JAW — Eggs: Receipts in the southern portion of the province are extremely light, dealers are unable to explain the shortage. In the northern part of the province over half a million eggs have been shipped, prospects are for a considerable increase in receipts this year. Dealers quoting delivered, extras 26c, firsts 24c, seconds 21c. Poultry: A limited quantity of live poultry arriving. Dealers offering hens 11c to 15c, according to quality, general average of quality is good. Arrangements are being made for the car-lot shipment of several cars of live poultry from Saskatchewan this year.

CALGARY — Eggs: Market unsteady, prices fluctuating. Quotations for extras ranging from 24c to 28c, firsts 20c to 23c, seconds 16c to 18c. Receipts light. Poultry: No movement reported.

EDMONTON — Eggs: Market firm, receipts falling off; some dealers report a scarcity in receipts, there being not a sufficient supply for local trade. Dealers quoting delivered, extras 28c, firsts 24c, seconds 20c. Jobbing extras 37c, firsts 32c, seconds 27c. Poultry: No poultry moving.

Would Change Harvesting Methods

In the February 25 issue of The Guide you had a description of the Farmer Jones Harvester, and I think a change in our harvesting and threshing machinery is about due, as our present methods take too big a percentage of the proceeds of the year's labor. There is an idea that persists in my mind which I should very much like to see tried out.

First—The harvester, in my mind, is similar to the above mentioned in that it does not bind the grain but, instead of stacking it, it will take it back from the standing grain by a single canvas, and leave it in a windrow.

Generally grain that has all the ac-



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tion of sun and wind for a week or two is in good condition to thresh. The threshing machine in my mind starts in just where cutting began and picks up the grain from the windrow and leaves everything but the grain on the stubble where it could be burned without any mechanical contrivances to help. Allowing for a 20 bushel to the acre crop and an average of 20 acres per day, a machine with a 400-bushel capacity would be all that would be required. I believe this could be run from drive wheels similar to Ford tractor wheel, and handled by from 8 to 12 horses, according to the crop. The grain could be elevated into a hopper on the rig, capable of holding a good many bushels of grain. Perhaps a load.

The saving there would be in this method is very evident: (1) twine, (2) stooking and binding power, (3) the unnecessary handling of a lot of straw and weeds from the field to the stack and back again, blower-power, etc.

Two or three men ought to be able to handle the crop on two sections of land in this way. We could be much more independent of eastern labor, and if this could be manufactured in the West, we might be much more independent of eastern manufacturers. Will you not print this and see if someone with time or money will carry the idea out.—V. Cornish, Eyebrow, Sask.

Ed. Note.—From the mechanical standpoint there is nothing about this suggestion that is not practical. But present-day needs call for a reduction in the risks of grain farming. In unfavorable falls, such as the fall of 1920, in northern Saskatchewan the widespread adoption of this method would have entailed the loss of millions of dollars. Part of the huge labor cost necessitated by our present harvesting practices must be regarded as insurance against inclement weather.

The latest thing in kitchen equipment is aluminum that is proof against denting. The articles are made thick enough to stand a good deal of hard usage without being heavy to handle.

Use old felt hats to make booties for baby, patterns for which can be purchased.—O. L. H.

The clothes line is a rosary
Of household help and care;
Each little saint the mother loves
Is represented there.

And when across her garden plot
She walks with thoughtful head,
I should not wonder if she fold
Each garment for a bead.

A stranger passing I salute
The household in its wear,
And smile to think how near to kin
Are love and toil and prayer.

—Julia Ward Howe.

The Brattoni Affair

Continued from Page 21

The memory of them is so clear I need scarcely refer to them.

"Eight months ago," Graham told us, "I defended a criminal known as Kid Jordan—a pal of the notorious 'Flycatcher.' He got his deserts, in spite of my efforts, and was hanged, but not before he had sent for me and confessed everything, asking me to look after a little money he had stored away that he wished sent back to his mother in the Old Country, with word of his death . . . but not the manner of his going. He confided to me the story of the original crime, giving me the newspaper clipping that I read in court today. Later I tried, largely out of curiosity, to trace the missing jewel, but failed.

"When first I saw the dagger and heard its history at . . . at Garry's . . . I could hardly credit it. Close examination confirmed its identity. The Doctor here will bear me out that I tried to get possession of it over night, on the pretext of returning it to Brattoni. I fancied I knew why Brattoni was so anxious to get it back . . . a cog had slipped through the premature delivery by his assistant. Gentlemen, I don't know what fiend of hell put it into my mind, but I determined to secure that jewel. It seemed easy . . . Garry was alone . . . a sound sleeper . . . the windows open. I went back when I had allowed due time . . . climbed in easily and knocked against an old piece of armor."

Graham paused, and fell to shivering again. Then he pulled himself together and went on.

"He sprang up and ran out . . . we grappled, struggling wildly in the darkness, lit by occasional flashes of the coming storm . . . he had me by the throat . . . I was choking, suffocating . . . I struck out blindly forgetting I had the dagger in my hand. He . . . he crumpled up in a heap. I never meant . . . God knows I never meant to do it. He was dead. I took the dagger and sheathed it . . . the sheath had fallen to the floor . . . and thrust it inside the bosom of my shirt . . . and fled wildly out into the storm. I remember thinking it was well it was storming—no one would see me . . ."

The strange, wild look came back into the man's eyes, but his voice was deep and grave.

"God struck me!" he said. "I saw a great flash of light; a hot iron seared me; I fell rolling in the gutter. Something told me I must run . . . I thought I saw figures after me . . . I ran . . . Water, Doctor."

I slipped him a glass from a nearby table; he gulped greedily.

"Cold fear came to me . . . to me who had seen men hanged, and almost shared their terrors. Later I could think more calmly, and somehow I saw Brattoni everywhere. I thought to throw the burden of guilt back on him, and smuggled the dagger into his place on the pretext of questioning him. It was only when I got my chance to help in the prosecution that the devil tempted me to really try and . . . put another man away . . . for my crime. The implicating confession and the newspaper clipping were right to my hand. It was easy to have Hinkson find them . . . where I wanted. Brattoni played into my hand by defacing the handle in an attempt to force the spring to see if the jewel was still there."

For some minutes none of us spoke. I could hear the steady tick-tocking of a clock out in the hallway, for the storm had quickly spent itself.

"Put this down," said Graham. "There is a greater law than any man-made statute; a greater accuser than any earthly prosecutor; a greater—"

He stopped abruptly; a sudden look of pain contorted his face. He sat up, breathing heavily. But when I would have gone to his aid he waived me away once more.

"Feel in my . . . vest pocket, Doc." I went to where his clothes were hanging over the back of a chair, doing as he bade. "No, the other one, Doctor . . . yes, that little parcel . . . thanks." I gave him a tiny

parcel, we drew near curiously. His fingers trembled as he slipped off the rubber band and removed the paper, disclosing a little roll of black velvet. It spread open on the palm of his hand. Against the dark material a wonderful diamond glittered in the light, winking, I fancied, like an evil eye.

"A—little thing," said Graham slowly, emphasizing every syllable like a child learning to talk. "A little thing—but the devil's bauble. It's cost the lives of five men at least . . . six now . . . and the souls of—how many? . . . Quick, Doctor, look again . . . there's a slip of paper there . . . that's it . . . read it to me, please."

Wonderingly I took the little slip, clipped from a printed page, and read aloud:

"And Cain said unto the Lord, my punishment is greater than I can bear.

"Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from they face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that everyone that findeth me shall slay me.

"And the Lord said unto him, therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him."

"You see, Doc,"—Graham appealed to me—"you see he killed his brother, Doc.—and God—had pity—on him—even then. Don't you think—maybe—there's a chance for me—after what I've done to—Garry—and Brattoni? I'm not thinking of myself, Doc.—not now—but you see when—Margaret—my wife—went out—she said she'd be—waiting for me—over there, you know—"

His head fell forward suddenly; a ghastly pallor overspread his features.

"It's no use, Doc," he said, when I leaned over him. "I'm going out. Those little pills take—about—twenty minutes—they say. I'd rather take a chance—judgment of the Lord—than—my fellowmen. It'll save—them—the trouble. Tell—Brattoni—I'm sorry . . ."

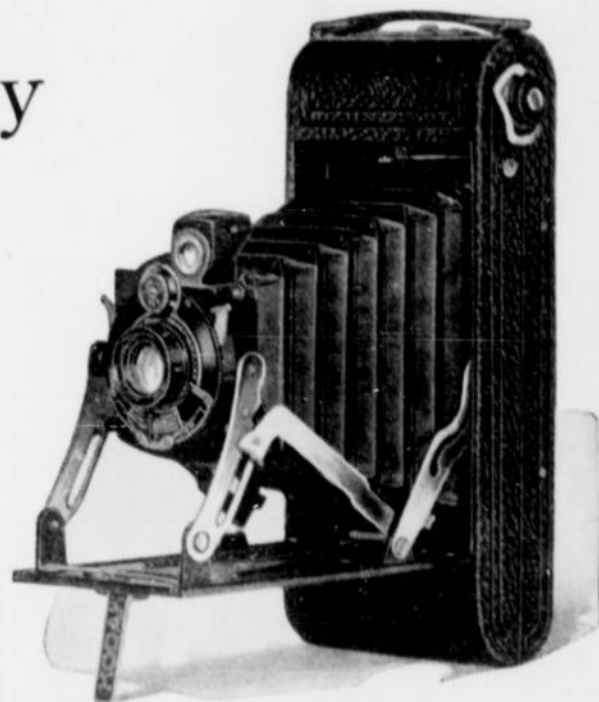
He sat up, staring wideeyed before him, clutching at his breast.

"Keep away!" he cried. "Keep away I tell you! God—God have mercy!" His fingers, still clutching at his breast, tore away the clothes as he fell back, lifeless.

Then it was I saw it. Right over his heart was a great, vivid scar, etched deep into the flesh—the representation in almost perfect detail, even to the monogrammatic "C.B." on the handle, of a sheathed dagger!

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The focus is prompt and precise. A mere turn of the lens, which is at your fingertips, brings the focus instantly, accurately, while beneath the lens a plainly lettered, simple scale tells you how to fit the exposure to the light.

It's all simple, yet there's speed in the *f.7.7* lens, and a shutter with speeds up to one-hundredth part of

a second to make that speed available.

And with it all there's ease of loading and beauty of design, and it's really a *pocket Kodak*. It's auto-graphic, of course.

No. 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II, for $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ pictures, equipped with Kodak Anastigmat *f.7.7* Lens and Diomatic Shutter—\$26.90.

At your dealer's

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

Gigantic Money-Raising Sale



Army Wool Breeches, 97c

Reclaimed Army Wool Serge Breeches, Renovated by the government. Some require minor repairs. For growing boys and men only. Two hip pockets, watch pocket and belt loops. Sizes 28 to 32. Money-Raising

97c

Sale Price, per pair
BEDFORD CORD BREECHES—Five pockets, belt loops, laced bottoms. Highest quality. Sizes 30 to 44. Worth \$4.50. Brand new. Money-Raising

\$2.45

Sale Price
KHAKI WOOL SERGE BREECHES—Five pockets, belt loops, laced bottoms. Sizes 30 to 44. Worth \$5.00. Money-

\$2.95

Raising Sale Price
ARMY COTTON CORD BREECHES—Regulation govern-

ment issue. Small sizes only. Brand new. \$1.95

Price, per pair
USED ARMY COTTON BREECHES—Renovated by the government. Guaranteed in perfect condition. For girls and growing boys.

98c

Special price, per pair
When ordering Breeches, state your height and weight to ensure perfect fit.

Men's and Ladies' Raincoats



500 Men's and Ladies' Guaranteed Waterproof Raincoats. Regular \$10 values. All sizes.

\$3.98

Cut to
2,000 High-Grade Rubber Vulcanized Tweed and Cravenette Raincoats. Belted models. Single and double texture coats included in this lot. Beautiful dark patterns in brown, green, blue, grey, etc. These coats would prove to sell at prices ranging from \$15 to \$20. Sizes 34 to 44 included in this lot. Money-Raising

\$6.95

Sale Price cut to
\$30 Super-Grade Men's Waterproofs. Rubberized back, convertible collar, belt all around. Can be worn for raincoat or a spring topcoat. Desirable dark patterns and colors. All sizes. Money-Raising

\$9.95

Sale Price
GABARDINE RAINCOATS—Beautiful English Silk-Lined Gabardine Raincoats. Cashmere top. Honestly worth \$35. Reduced for Special Money-

\$14.85

Wonderful Values in Dress and Work Boots



CANADIAN OFFICERS' DRESS BOOTS—This Army Officers' Dress Shoe has become very popular in the last few years, and is in great demand for a dressy, serviceable shoe. Genuine dark mahogany tanned calfskin, double soles, plain toe. All sizes. Worth \$8.00. Money-Raising

\$4.95

Sale Price
MOCCASIN TYPE PLOW BOOTS—Heavy oil-tanned cowhide. Seams sewn by hand. Strong wax thread. Solid leather soles and heels. Worth \$7.00. Sizes 5 to 13. Money-Raising Sale Price

\$2.45

REGULAR CANADIAN ARMY MARCHING BOOTS—A most serviceable work shoe of extraordinary quality. Soft, pliable uppers, heavy soles, dirt-excluding bellows tongue. Very sturdy. One of the values that has made this big store famous. If you want quality and comfort combined with economy, here it is. Sensationally priced at

\$4.65

RECLAIMED CANADIAN ARMY MARCHING BOOTS—New soles and heels. Every pair in perfect condition. Sizes 5 to 13. Worth double the price, we ask

\$2.35

MEDIUM WEIGHT MEN'S BOOTS—Suitable for work or dress. Leather lined. Solid leather soles. Would be good value at \$6.00. All sizes. Money-Raising

\$2.98

Sale Price
ARMY WRAP LEGGINGS—Superb quality. Genuine Army Regulation Puttees. All wool. 102 inches long, 4 inches wide. Money-Raising Sale Price, \$1.98

78c

For correct fit, state size of calf leg measurement.

British Army Field Glasses \$6.65

Wonderful Value

This is a Genuine Brand New **BRITISH ARMY FIELD GLASS**. Fine Morocco leather finish. The very powerful lenses are made from the finest optical glass; clear and white—wonderful long range. Size extended, 10 inches; closed, 7 inches. Black leather carrying case with shoulder strap. Our low price made possible only by enormous quantity purchased. Complete for

\$6.65

Unheard-of Price
REGULATION ARMY Haversacks—Large size. Wide canvas shoulder strap. Useful to campers, hikers, etc.

73c

The Mercantile Sensation of the Decade

One Million Dollars' worth of seasonable and dependable merchandise now being sacrificed on the altar of low prices in an heroic effort to raise cash immediately. **DON'T DELAY.** The values offered here are beyond the hope of repetition. Quick action is vital if you want to get in before it is too late. Many lines will be completely sold out if you delay too long. **ORDER NOW!**

As Illustrated

33c

\$3.00 GENUINE AUTO STROP SAFETY RAZOR AND STROP—10,000 only. Will sell like hot-cakes at

33c

\$5.00 EVER READY SAFETY RAZOR—In military carry-all, with six extra Radio Ever Ready blades. Blades alone are worth more than

49c

the ridiculous price we ask
SHAVING BRUSHES—Good stiff bristles. Get yours while the going is

10c

good
STRAIGHT RAZOR—Made of the finest Sheffield steel. World's celebrated manufacturer. Fine vegetable ivory handle. Will take the strongest beard with ease. Razor cheap at \$3.50.

39c

Complete, in case
ARMY MILITARY HAIR BRUSHES—Hardwood back. Made to government standard. Entire government stock purchased by us.

10c

Amazing value at, each



MISCELLANEOUS BARGAINS

ARMY SUSPENDERS—Made of heavy webbing. Good leather ends. Worth 75c. Money-Raising Sale. Reduced to

39c

MEN'S DRESS SUSPENDERS—Silk finished elastic. Regular \$1.00. Money-Raising Sale. Reduced to

47c

GARTERS—Men's Fine Silk Elastic Webb Garters. Worth 50c. Money-Raising Sale. Reduced to

15c

MEN'S COTTON SOCKS—Worth 25c. Money-Raising Sale. Reduced to

10c

LEATHER GLOVES—65c Mule-Skin Leather Gloves. Cut to

29c

MEN'S WORK GLOVES—Best grade horsehide. Either quarter or short-wrist style. Worth \$2.00.

78c

RUBBER BELTS—\$1.00 Rubber Belts. Grained rubber. Has appearance of leather belt. Nicked adjustable clasp. All sizes. Now

23c

ARMY SADDLES—Genuine government issue. Made of the finest quality leather. Guaranteed to stand the hardest service. Worth \$30. Money-Raising Sale

\$7.65

MEN'S UNION SUITS—Extra heavy all-wool Men's Union Suits. Made of the finest virgin wool. This quality could not be duplicated for less than \$7.00 per suit. All sizes. Now

\$2.49

WHEN ORDERING

State size required. Also give your height and approximate weight when ordering. Give name of railway and state whether there is an express agent located there. Be sure to sign your full name and address with your order. Write plainly.

SEND EXPRESS OR POSTAGE CHARGES

These sensationally low prices do not permit us to prepay delivery charges. Include enough money to cover postage, otherwise goods will be sent Express Collect.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY TO:

British Army Stores
2008 ELEVENTH AVENUE.
REGINA SASK.

Fine Tweed Caps

Men's and Boys' Fine Caps. Made of all-wool English cloths. Satin lined. Worth \$3.00. Sizes 6½ to 7½. All colors. Cut to

89c

WORK HATS

Army Denim Fatigue Hats. Wonderful hat for farmers, campers, etc. All sizes. Brand new. Sale price

19c

Special Bargain Price

289

GENUINE ARTILLERY DOUBLE-REIN BRIDLE



This is a High-Grade Bridle you will be proud to own. It is a genuine Regulation Artillery Riding Bridle. Double bits and 6-ft. reins. Made of finest quality soft, pliable russet leather. Every one brand new. Worth \$10. Without doubt the finest bridle offered in Canada today at anywhere near this Money-Raising Sale Price

\$2.89

BALACLAVA CAPS

Guaranteed pure wool. Fits over head, neck and face, with opening for eyes and nose. It will pay you to buy this line now for winter wear. These caps will be easily worth \$1.00 next fall. We have a few thousand to clear at the ridiculous price of, each

25c

Men's Trousers



MEN'S PURE WOOL TROUSERS—Made of fine worsteds, tweeds, cashmeres, etc. Beautiful dark patterns. Worth \$7.00. Sizes 32 to 44.

\$2.95

Special, per pair
ARMY FATIGUE PANTS—Made of heavy khaki denim. Will stand the hardest wear. Five pockets, belt loops and cuffs.

\$1.98

All sizes. Money-Raising Sale
KHAKI SERGE PANTS—Genuine British Government Pure Wool Khaki Serge Pants. Without a doubt highest quality and best wearing trousers offered to western farmers today. These pants could not be manufactured under present conditions to be sold for less than \$9.00 per pair. Sizes 31 to 40 only.

\$3.49

Real Bargains in Shirts and Spring Underwear

MEN'S LIGHT WEIGHT SPRING NEEDLE UNION SUITS—Silk-bound edges. Superb quality. All sizes. Worth \$3.50. Sensational value. Money-Raising Sale.

\$1.39

Per suit
COOPER'S HIGH-GRADE SPRING NEEDLE MEDIUM WEIGHT UNION SUITS—Silk-bound edges, reinforced seams. Worth \$4.00.

\$1.95

Money-Raising Sale Price, per suit
MEN'S LIGHT WEIGHT RIBBED COTTON UNION SUITS—Worth \$2.00. All sizes. Money-Raising Sale.

98c

Per suit
WOOL UNDERWEAR—Men's Pure Wool Heavy Ribbed Union Suits. All sizes. Worth \$4.50.

\$1.98

Now
BRITISH OFFICERS' PURE WOOL UNDERSHIRTS—Worth \$3.00 each. Price per garment, now

98c

SHIRTS

MEN'S FINE KHAKI COTTON SHIRTS—Well made Full cut. Worth \$1.75. Sizes 14 to 16½.

98c

Reduced to
ARMY FATIGUE SHIRTS—Made of the heaviest army khaki drill. Two flap pockets. Military buttons. Regular government issue shirts that will stand the hardest wear. Worth about \$2.75. Sizes 14 to 18.

\$1.49

Now
KHAKI WOOL SHIRTS—Full cut, roomy shirts that are made on the officers' style shirt. Double flap pockets. Double reinforced elbows. Sizes 14 to 17½. A strong serviceable shirt for work or camping. Worth \$4.00.

\$1.98

Money-Raising Sale
MEN'S FINE MILITARY FLANNEL WOOL SHIRTS—All colors. Sizes 14 to 17½. Worth \$3.00.

\$1.49

Money-Raising Sale

Army Overall Smocks

25,000 Brand New Extra Heavy Weight Army Denim Jumpers. These jumpers are made on the shirt style and can also be used as work shirts. This is one of the outstanding values offered in this sale, and is bound to create a sensation. Better buy a year's supply at this price. Specially reduced to

98c

RENOVATED ARMY SMOCKS—Same description as above. Guaranteed in perfect condition. Sizes 36 to 42. Special

69c

Sizes for boys, ages 10 to 15 years. Renovated

49c

Snaps in Camping Equipment

COLLAPSIBLE WATER BUCKETS—Army Collapsible Water Buckets. Capacity about two gallons. Folds into small compact space when not in use. Brand new.

89c

Reduced price
ARMY BELL TENTS—Army Bell Tents, good condition. Regulation government issue. Made of 16 oz. waterproof duck. 14-ft. diameter. Worth over \$50. Money-Raising Sale

\$14.95

Price
ARMY MOSQUITO TENTS—Army Mosquito Tents. Made of heavy curtain netting. Large enough to fit over double bed. A wonderful item for camping or outdoor purposes. Worth \$7.00.

\$1.95

Money-Raising Sale Price
BLANKETS—British Army Blankets. Renovated by the government.

\$1.45

Money-Raising Sale Price